

MUSIC EDITION.

* * * THE * * *

EVANGELIST

No. 3.

—BY—

REV. J. H. WEBER.

—FOR—

Revival, Praise and Prayer Meetings
or Sunday Schools.

F-46.111

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PRESTON, OHIO.

1894

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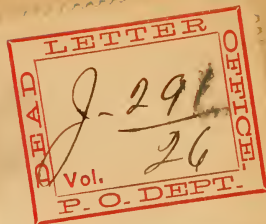
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PREFACE.

In the name of Jesus I send this book forth, praying that it may indeed be an Evangelist to lead the perishing multitudes to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world!


I wish here to acknowledge the kindness of T. C. O'Kane, Frank M. Davis, Rev. E. A. Hoffman, Rev. E. S. Lorenz, Rev. J. E. Rankin, John R. Sweeney, J. H. Kurzenknabe, Philip Phillips, Rev. L. Hartsough, S. J. Vail, Rev. W. McDonal, R. E. Hudson, Rev. A. A. Graley, W. G. Fisher, C. C. Converse, Rev. Levi White, Geo. A. Shultz, Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, Will J. Thompson, Dr. H. R. Palmer, Mrs. Joseph Knapp, Rev. I. Baltzell, Joshua Gill, Rev. Beldon, R. M. McIntosh, Fillmore Brothers, J. J. Hood, Chas. H. Gabriel, E. E. Avis, W. A. Odgen, J. M. Whyte, A. J. Showalter, W. S. Nickle, Peter Bilhorn, L. E. Harvey and John B. Shaw, for permitting me to use their copyrighted hymns, and may heaven's blessings fall upon them, and may their stars be many in their crowns of rejoicing.

I have prepared this book especially for Evangelistic work, and any others wishing to use it, address the undersigned.

Yours under the blood,

REV. J. H. WEBER,

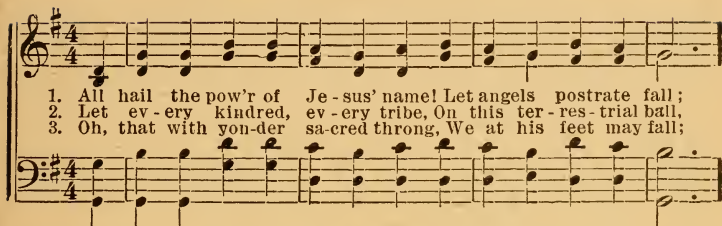
Preston, Ohio.



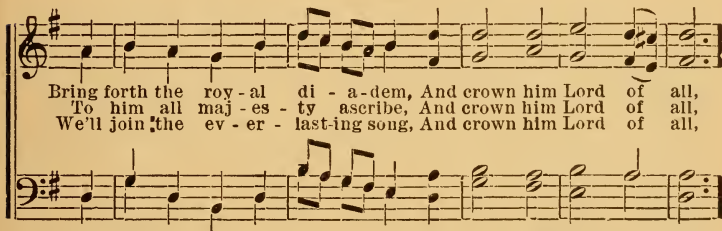
* The * Evangelist. *

MUSIC EDITION.

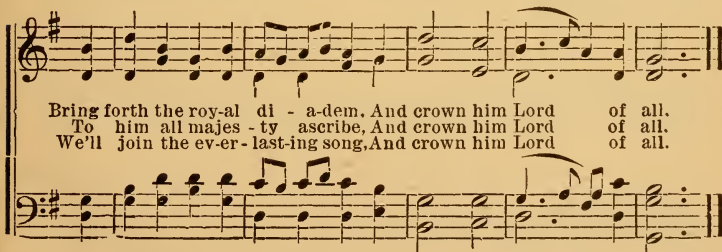
1. Crown Him Lord of All.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall;
 2. Let ev-ery kindred, ev-ery tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
 3. Oh, that with yon-der sa-cred throng, We at his feet may fall;



Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all,
 To him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all,
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all,



Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.
 To him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

2. EXULTANT PRAISE.

1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise;
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim—

To spread thro' all the earth abroad,
 The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus!—the name that charms our
 That bids our sorrows cease; [fears,
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life and health, and peace.

Sometime, Sometime!

Music and Words by Rev. L. A. WEBER.

1. Sometime, that young man said to me, "I'll let the Saviour in;"
 2. Sometime, that husband said to wife, "I mean to come and try;"
 3. Sometime, she said to God, "I'll come, When pleasures all are o'er."
 4. Sometime, that sin - ner said to self, "I'll give up all my sin,

But off he went and did not come; And now he's lost in sin.
 Sometime, sometime! it nev - er came, And now he's going to die!
 A - las! a - las! she died last night, And now she is no more!
 And call on Him who died for me, To come and take me in!"

CHORUS.

pp *m*

Sometime, sometime! it nev - er came, And now he's lost to-night.

p *Rit.*

Sometime, sometime! it nev - er came, And now he's lost to-night.

4.

Glorious Fountain.

COWPER.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood,
And the sinners plunged beneath that flood, beneath that flood, be-
2. { The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, re-
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho'

filled with blood, There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn
-neath that flood, And sin - ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose
-joiced to see, The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That
vile as he, And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash

CHORUS.
from Immanuel's veins. }
all their guilt - y stains. } Oh, glo - ri - ous fountain! Here will I
fountain in his day, }
all my sins a - way. }

stay, And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood. :|
Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of
God. :|
fill all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith :| I saw the
stream. :|
E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love :| has been my
theme. :|
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.

Copyright, 1881, by T. C. O'KANE.

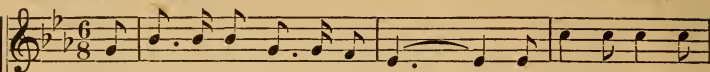
My Mother's Hands.

SOLO.

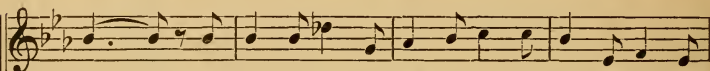
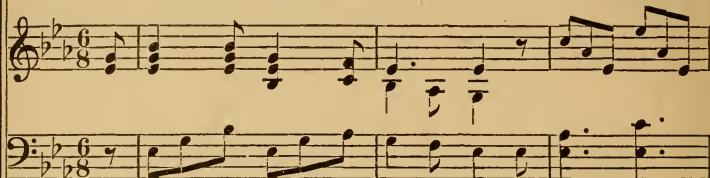
Dedicated to my Beloved Mother.

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES.

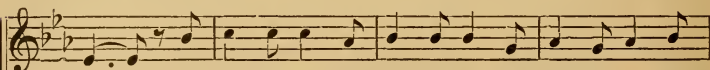
Rev. J. H. WEBER.



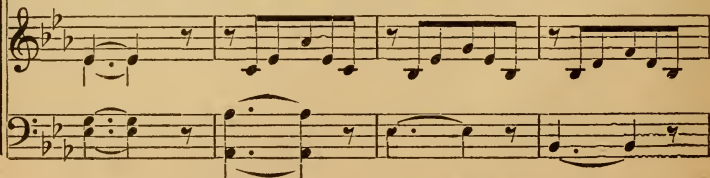
1. Such beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful hands, . . . they're neither white nor
 2. Such beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful hands, . . . tho' heart was weary and
 3. Such beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful hands, . . . they're growing fee - ble
 4. But O, beyond these shadowy lands, . . . where all is bright and



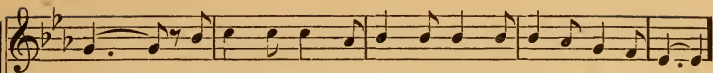
small, . . . And you, I know, would scarcely think that they were fair at
 sad, . . . These patient hands kept toil-ing on, that the children might
 now, . . . And time and toil have left their mark on hand, and heart, and
 fair, . . . I know full well these dear old hands will palms of victory



all; I've looked on hands in form and hue a sculptor's dream might
 be glad; I oft - en weep, as looking back to childhood's dis - tant
 brow; A - las! a-las! the near-ing time, the sad, sad day to
 bear; Where crystal streams thro' endless years flow o - ver gold - en



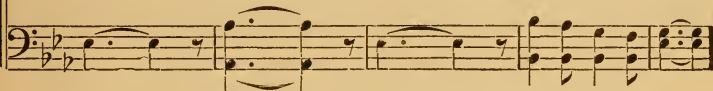
My Mother's Hands.—Concluded.



be, . . Yet are these a - ged, wrinkled hands most beautiful to me.
 day, . . I think how these hands rested not when mine were at their play.
 me, . . When 'neath the daisies, cold and white, these hands will folded be.
 sands, . . And where the old grow young again, I'll clasp my mother's hands.



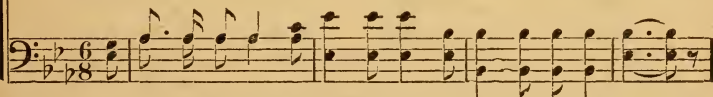
Rit.



CHORUS. *Slower.*

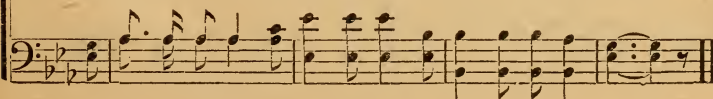


Such beautiful hands, such lovely hands, they are my mother's hands,



Rit.

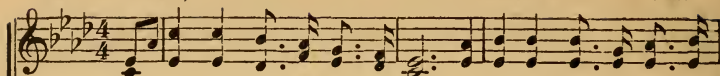
Such beautiful hands, such lovely hand, they are my mother's hands.



Why Not To-night?

REV. H. BONAR, D. D.

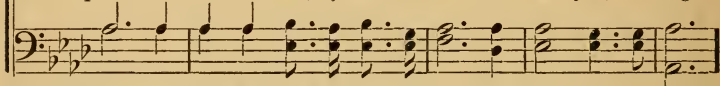
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



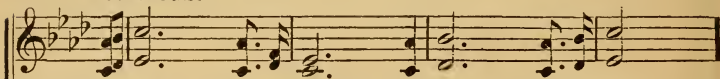
1. Oh, do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the
2. To-morrow's sun may never rise To bless thy long-de-lu-ded
3. Our Lord, in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou then his love re -



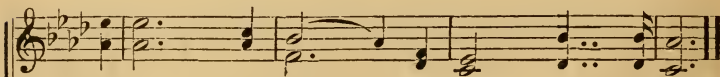
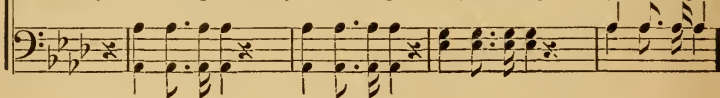
light; O, sin-ner, hard-en not your heart: Be saved! yes,—to-night.
 sight; This is the time; oh, then be wise: Be saved! yes,—to-night.
 quite? Renounce at once, thy stubborn will: Be saved! yes,—to-night.



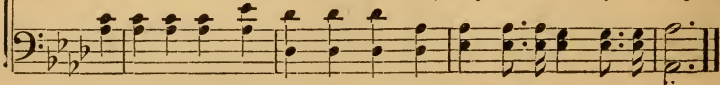
CHORUS.



Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night?
 Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Why not to-night?



Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
 Wilt thou be saved? Wilt thou be saved? Then, why not,—oh, why not to-night?

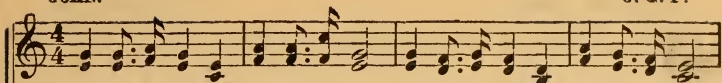


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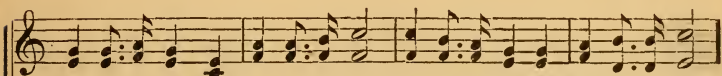
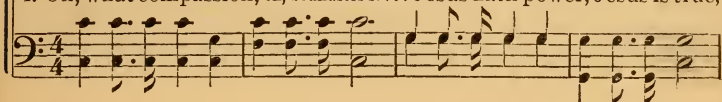
When I See the Blood.

JOHN.

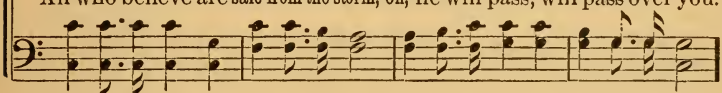
J. G. F.



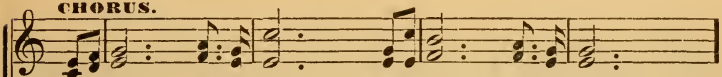
1. Christ our Redeemer died on the cross, Died for the sinner, paid all his due;
2. Chiefest of sinners, Jesus can save, As he has promised, so will he do;
3. Judgment is coming, all will be there, Who have rejected, who have refused?
4. Oh, what compassion, oh, boundless love! Jesus hath power, Jesus is true;



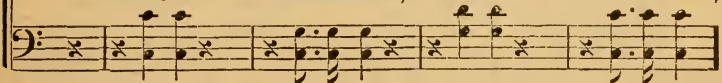
All who receive him need never fear, Yes, he will pass, will pass over you.
 Oh, sinner, hear him, trust in his word, Then he will pass, will pass over you.
 Oh, sinner, hasten. let Jesus in, Then God will pass, will pass over you.
 All who believe are safe from the storm, Oh, he will pass, will pass over you.



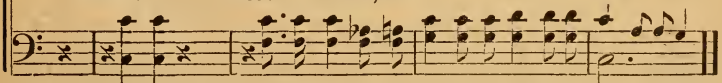
CHORUS.



When I see the blood, When I see the blood,
 When I see the blood, When I see the blood,



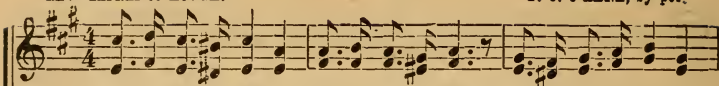
When I see the blood, I will pass, I will pass over you, over you.
 When I see the blood,



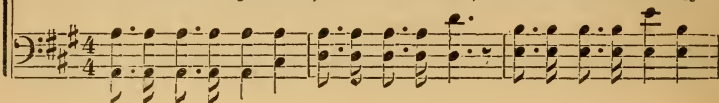
By Foote Bros., not copyrighted. Let no one do so. May this song ever
 be free to be published for the glory of God.

REV ALFRED J. HOUGH.

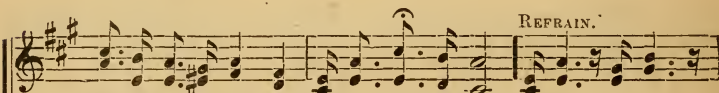
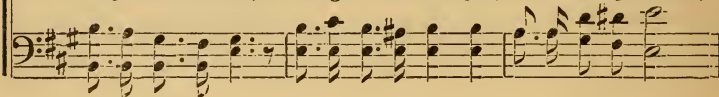
T. O. O'KANE, by per.



1. Holding on to Jesus, with the crown in sight; Holding on to Jesus,
2. If I hold to Je-sus, Jesus holds to me, And each path of du-ty
3. Ere you can unshaken to the Saviour hold, Earth must be forsaken,
4. Bid farewell to pleasure, let the i-dols fall, And the Saviour on-ly

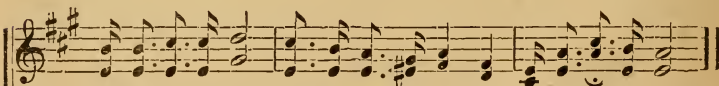
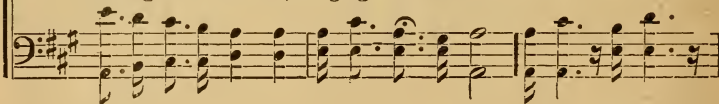


in the dark and light; Tho' the world may tempt me with its luring dross,
plainly I can see; O-ver all I triumph, and securely stand,
self and love of gold; Gladly you must suffer ev-'ry earthly loss,
be your all in all; Nothing shall disturb you, tho' the tempests toss,

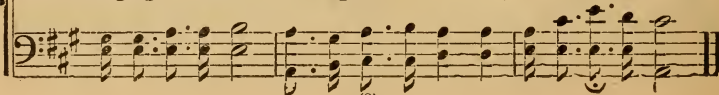


REFRAIN.

Holding on to Je-sus, clinging to the Cross.
Holding on to Je-sus, by his mighty hand. Clinging, clinging,
Holding on to Je-sus, clinging to the Cross.
Holding on to Je-sus, clinging to the Cross.



clinging to the Cross, Holding on to Je-sus, clinging to the Cross.



Day by Day, All the Way.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

DR. M. A. STREET.

1. I will tell of the Saviour of men who died That all may be for-
2. I will tell of the Saviour of men who died That whoso-ev - er
3. I will tell of the Saviour of men who died, Oh, that the world might

giv'n; Who seek this love shall reign above, And dwell with Christ in heav'n.
will May find this rest and then be blest, And reign with Christ in heav'n.
see, Who seek his face shall find his grace, And be at last in heav'n.

CHORUS.

Day by day, all the way, I will tell of the Saviour of men,

Day by day, all the way, I'll tell of the Saviour of men.

This One Thing I Know.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

1. I'm re-joic-ing, I'm hap-py, This one thing I know, That the
 2. I'm con-tent-ed, I'm praising, This one thing I know, Hal-le-
 3. Full salvation, glad cleansing, This one thing I know, That the

CHORUS.
 blood of the Sav-ior Washes whiter than snow.
 lu - jah to Je - sus, I am whiter than snow. This one thing I know,
 blood of the Sav-ior Washes whiter than snow.

This one thing I know, That the blood of the Savior Washes whiter than snow,

Whiter than snow, whiter than snow, That the blood of the Savior Washes whiter than snow.

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11. REVIVE US AGAIN.

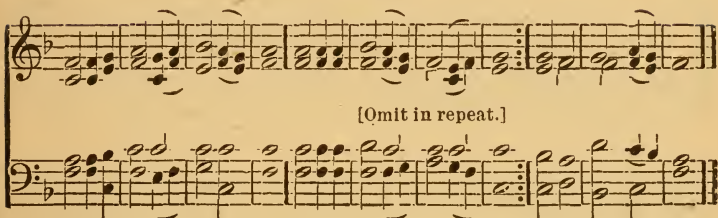
1 We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love;
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHO.—*Hallelujah! thine the glory; Hallelujah! amen*

2 We praise thee, O God, for thy spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

12 Hamburg. L. M.



1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And thou that bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, poor wretched and blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

13. BY AND BY.

TUNE—"Sweet By and By."

1 We speak of the realms of the blest,
That region so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed,—
But what must it be to be there!

CHO.—*In the sweet by and by
We shall rest on that heavenly shore.*

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within,—
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the first-born above,—
But what must it be to be there?

4 O Father, 'mid sorrow and woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare!
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am—thou wilt receive:
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

14. BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

1 Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod?
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever
All the happy, golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

4 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
Yes we'll gather, etc.

Will You Go With Me?

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. A beau-ti-ful land by faith I see, A land of rest from sorrow free, The
 2. That beautiful land, where all is light, It ne'er has known the shades of [night, The
 3. The heavenly throng array'd in white, In rapture range the plains of [light; In

home of the ransomed bright and fair, And beautiful angels, too, are there.
 glo-ry of God, the light of day, Hath driven the darkness far a-way.
 harmony grand and pure they praise Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.

CHORUS.

Will you go? will you go? Go to that beautiful land with me? land with me?

Angels are Hovering Round.

1. :There are angels hov'ring round, :||
2. :To carry the tidings home, :||
3. :To the new Jerusalem, :||
4. :Poor sinners are coming home, :||
5. :And Jesus bids them come, :||
6. :We are on our journey home, :||
7. :Let him that heareth come, :||
8. :And he that is thirsty, come, :||
9. :Whosoever will, may come, :||

- There are angels, angels hov'ring round.
 To carry, carry the tidings home.
 To the new, the new Jerusalem.
 Poor sinners, sinners are coming home.
 And Jesus, Jesus bids them come.
 We are on, are on our journey home,
 Let him, let him that heareth, come.
 And he, and he that is thirsty, come.
 Whosoever, whosoever will, may come.

Blessed are They.

H. R. TRICKETT.

ALFRED POWERS. By per.

1. Blessed are they who do his commandments, They shall claim the tree of life,
 2. Blessed are they who do his commandments, They shall wear the robes of white;
 3. Blessed are they who do his commandments, They shall stand before the throne;

In - to the cit-y they shall en-ter, They are victors in the strife.
 Under the portals God shall lead them, They shall serve him day and night.
 In - to the life of joy eternal, God shall claim them for his own.

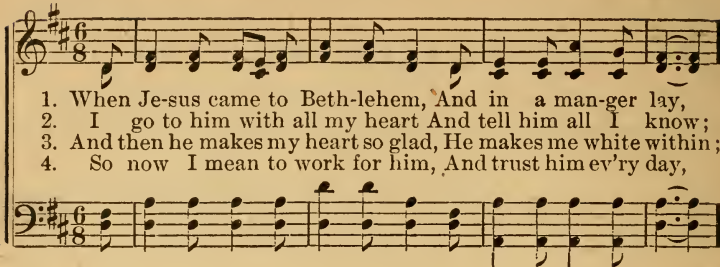
CHORUS.

Bless - ed, bless - ed, bless - ed are they,
 Blessed are they who do his commandments, blessed are they, blessed are they;

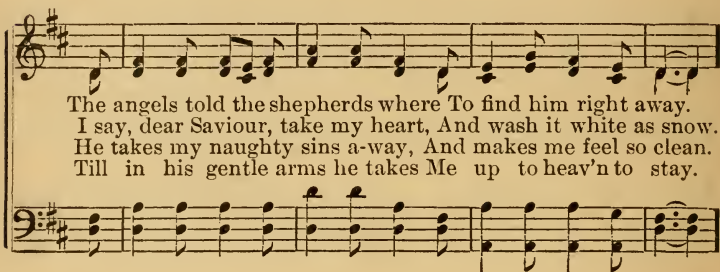
Into the city they shall enter, Blessed, blessed, blessed are they.

J. B. S.

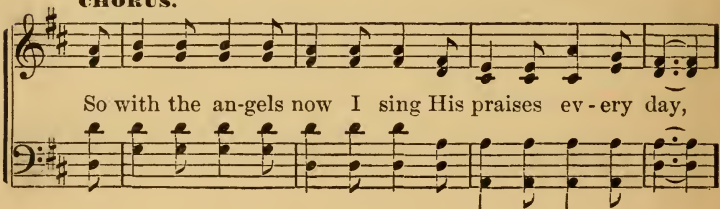
(CHILDREN'S SONG.) JOHN B. SHAW. By per.



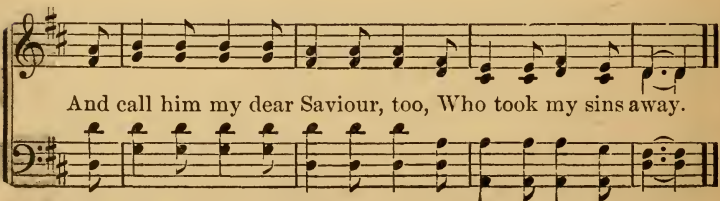
1. When Je-sus came to Beth-lehem, And in a man-ger lay,
 2. I go to him with all my heart And tell him all I know;
 3. And then he makes my heart so glad, He makes me white within;
 4. So now I mean to work for him, And trust him ev'ry day,



The angels told the shepherds where To find him right away.
 I say, dear Saviour, take my heart, And wash it white as snow.
 He takes my naughty sins a-way, And makes me feel so clean.
 Till in his gentle arms he takes Me up to heav'n to stay.

CHORUS.


So with the an-gels now I sing His praises ev-ery day,



And call him my dear Saviour, too, Who took my sins away.

Jesus is Calling To-day.

D. R. LUCAS.

J. H. ROSECRANS. By per.

Duet.

Semi-Chorus.

1. Jesus is tenderly calling for thee, Calling for thee, yes, calling for thee,
2. Jesus is tenderly calling thee now, Calling thee now, yes, calling thee now,
3. Jesus is tenderly calling, oh, come! Calling to-day, yes, calling to-day,

Duet.

Semi-Chorus.

Listen and hear him say, "follow thou me," Follow, yes, follow thou me.
Waiting for thee in sub-mis-sion to bow, Calling, yes, calling just now.
All who are weary and longing for home, Je-sus is calling to-day.

Full Chorus.

Je - sus is calling to-day, Je - sus is calling to-day;
Jesus is calling, Jesus is calling,

Je - sus is calling to-day, Calling, yes, calling to-day.
Jesus is calling,

REV. J. H. WEBER

REV. J. H. WEBER.

Not too fast.

1. { The Mas - ter calls to day; O, hear His voice I pray;
 2. { His love is free to all Who hear His gra-cious call;
 3. { His mer - cy is for you, And not a fa-vorite few;
 4. { He gives you all a choice, To hear His lov-ing voice;
 3. { There is a man-sion fair, Prepared for you o'er there;
 4. { But if you stop and wait Un - til it is too late;
 4. { How aw - ful in that day, To hear the Fath-er say:
 4. { You spent your days in sin; And now would en - ter in;

1st time.

And let this Sav - iour in, To cleanse thy heart from sin.
 Then will you long - er wait Un -
 But to you sin - ners all, Both great, and rich, and small.
 Then will you long - er wait Un -
 'Tis in a cit - y bright, Where nev - er comes a night:
 You'll hear the Mas - ter say, "De -
 "I gave my Son for you, Whose blood would make you new;
 My love you did a - buse, And

2nd time. CHORUS. *p*

til it is too late? Too late, too late, un -
 til it is too late? Too late, too late, un -
 part from me, I pray!"
 it's too late to choose."

m *pp* *f*

til it is too late: Too late, too late, un - til it is too late.

Come to the Mercy Seat.

H. G. JACKSON, D. D.

W. S. NICKLE.

1. Come, sin - ner, to the mer - cy seat, Come, sin - ner, to the
 2. Just as you are, come now to him, Just as you are, come
 3. Re - pent, be - lieve in Je - sus' name, Re - pent, be - lieve in
 4. His pre - cious blood for you he shed, His pre - cious blood for

mer - cy seat; Come, sin - ner, to the mer - cy seat; 'Tis
 now to him; Just as you are, come now to him, His
 Je - sus' name; Re - pent, be - lieve in Je - sus' name, And
 you he shed; His pre - cious blood for you he shed, Your

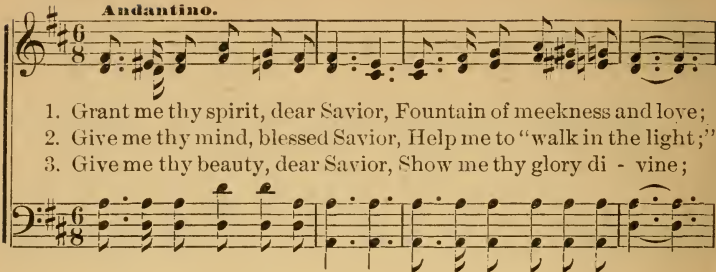
CHORUS.

Je - sus bids you come.
 blood will make you clean. Oh, wonderful Savior! Oh, blessed Re -
 you shall be for - giv'n..
 sins to wash a - way.

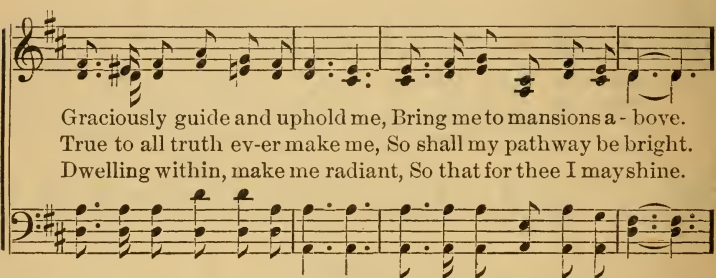
deem - er! Oh, wonderful Sav - ior! He longs to save you now!

J. S. N.

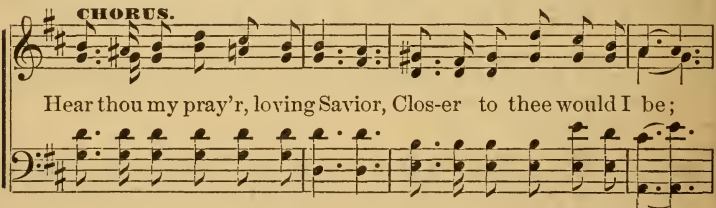
J. S. NORRIS.

Andantino.


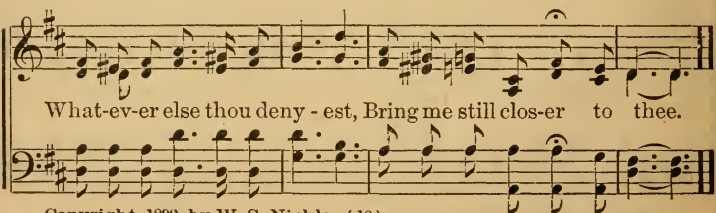
1. Grant me thy spirit, dear Savior, Fountain of meekness and love;
 2. Give me thy mind, blessed Savior, Help me to "walk in the light;"
 3. Give me thy beauty, dear Savior, Show me thy glory di - vine;



Graciously guide and uphold me, Bring me to mansions a - bove.
 True to all truth ev-er make me, So shall my pathway be bright.
 Dwelling within, make me radiant, So that for thee I may shine.

CHORUS.


Hear thou my pray'r, loving Savior, Clos-er to thee would I be;



What-ev-er else thou deny - est, Bring me still clos-er to thee.

Hear the Sweet Voice.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. Hear the sweet voice of the Sav-ior, Weary one come unto me;
 2. Hear the sweet voice of the Sav-ior, Ten-der-ly saying come in;
 3. Hear the sweet voice of the Sav-ior, Of - fer-ing pardon to - day;

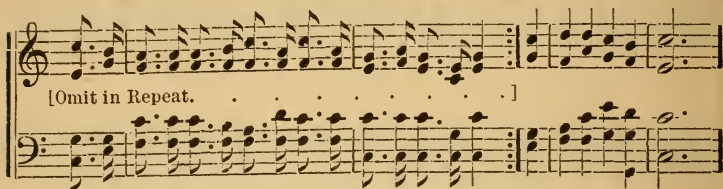
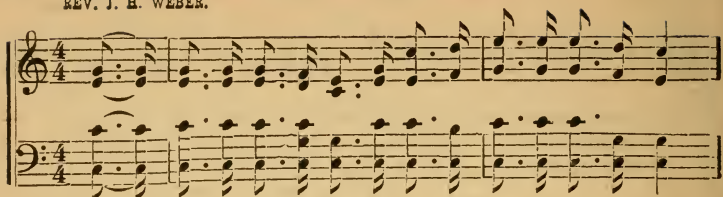
Come while there's mercy await - ing, Jesus is calling for thee.
 Bring him each tri-al and sor-row, Bring him your burden of sin.
 Hear him so tender-ly pleading, Tar-ry no longer a - way.

CHORUS.

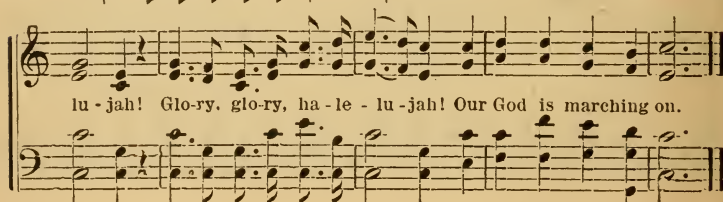
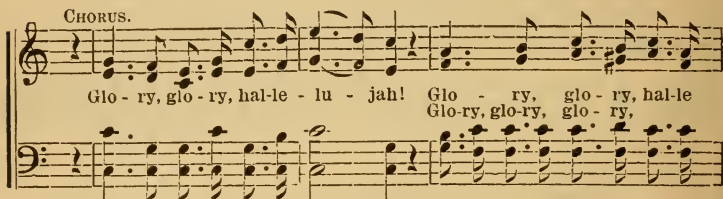
Calling for thee, yes, calling for thee, Jesus is say - ing come home;

Calling for thee, yes, calling for thee, Tenderly saying come home.

REV. J. H. WEBER.



CHORUS.



1 The light of truth is breaking,
 The light doth now appear,
 The Sons of God are shouting,
 For the victory now is near,
 We will all fight with our captain,
 And will never, never fear,
 While God is marching on.

2 Our strength is our Saviour,
 Who is leading on to-day
 We'll never loose a battle
 While we're in this narrow way.
 He will give us all protection
 If we do what He will say,
 While God is marching on.

3 There is glory for us all
 If we'll serve our Lord and King,
 But we must never falter
 If in heaven we would sing,
 But fight right on so boldly,
 Never minding anything
 While God is marching on.

25.

Martyn. 7s.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high,
 Hide me, oh, my Saviour! hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone!
 Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on thee is stayed;
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head,
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art;
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart;
 Rise to all eternity.

26.

Lamb of Calvary.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary:
 Savior divine,
 Now hear me while I pray;
 Take all my guilt away;
 Oh, let me, from this day,
 Be wholly thine!

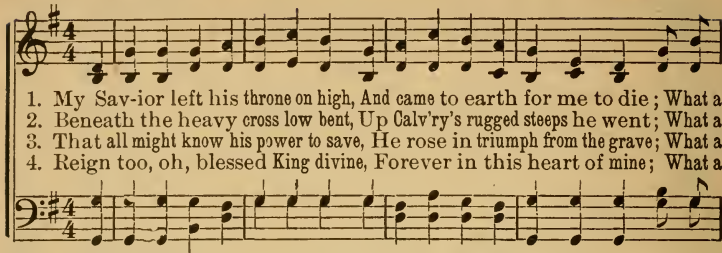
2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart;
 My zeal inspire;
 As thou hast died for me,

Oh, may my love to thee
 Pure, warm, and changless be—
 A living fire!

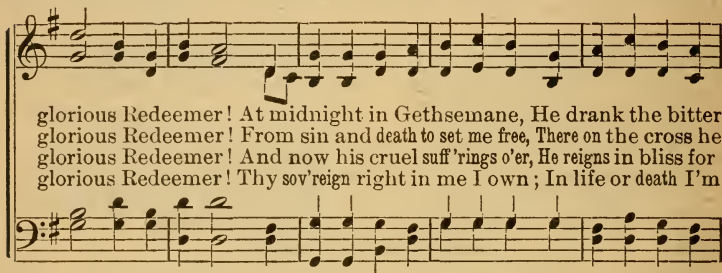
3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my Guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day;
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

H. G. JACKSON, D. D.

A. BEIRLY.

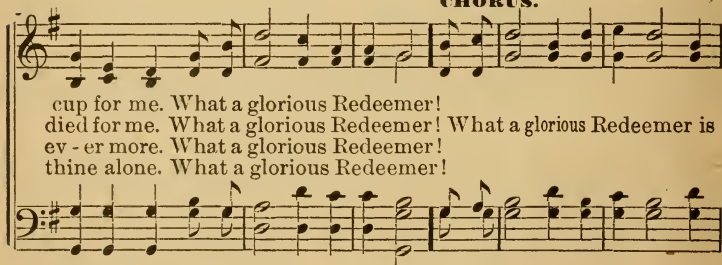


1. My Sav-ior left his throne on high, And came to earth for me to die ; What a
 2. Beneath the heavy cross low bent, Up Calv'ry's rugged steeps he went ; What a
 3. That all might know his power to save, He rose in triumph from the grave ; What a
 4. Reign too, oh, blessed King divine, Forever in this heart of mine ; What a

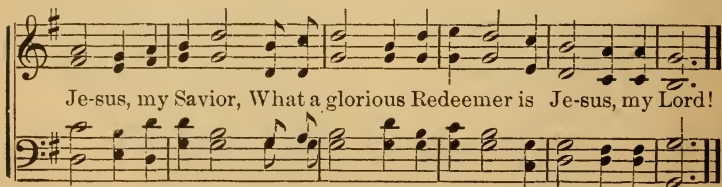


glorious Redeemer ! At midnight in Gethsemane, He drank the bitter
 glorious Redeemer ! From sin and death to set me free, There on the cross he
 glorious Redeemer ! And now his cruel suff'rings o'er, He reigns in bliss for
 glorious Redeemer ! Thy sov'reign right in me I own ; In life or death I'm

CHORUS.



cup for me. What a glorious Redeemer !
 died for me. What a glorious Redeemer ! What a glorious Redeemer is
 ev - er more. What a glorious Redeemer !
 thine alone. What a glorious Redeemer !



Je-sus, my Savior, What a glorious Redeemer is Je-sus, my Lord !

28. **NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.**

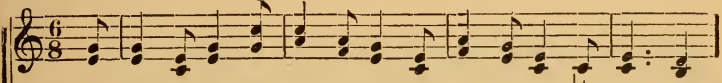
1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
4 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

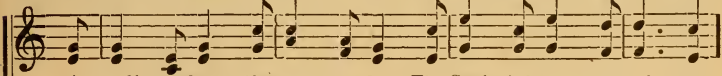
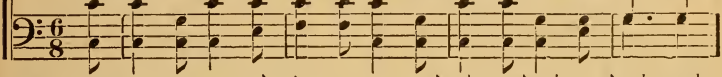
29. **The Gate Ajar for Me.**

MRS. L. BAXTER.

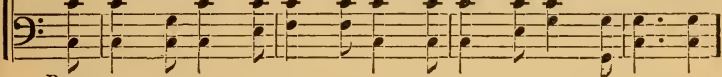
S. J. VAIL.



1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And thro' its portals gleaming,
2. That gate a-jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion -
3. Beyond the river's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv - en,



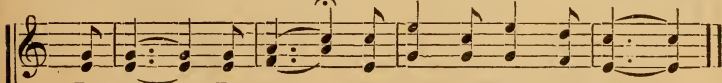
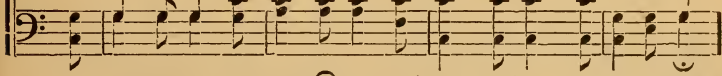
A radiance from the cross a - far, The Savior's love re - veal - ing.
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - ery tribe and na - tion.
And bear the crown of life a-way, And love him more in heav - en.



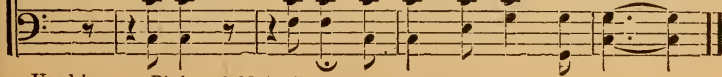
REFRAIN.



Oh, depth of mercy! can it be, That gate was left a-jar for me?

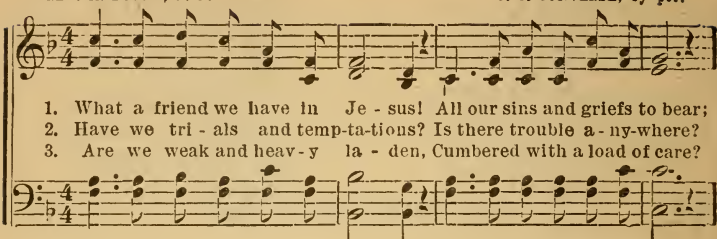


For me, For me, was left a-jar for me.
For me, For me,

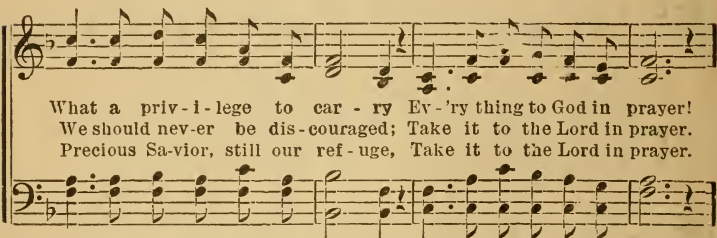


REV. H. BONAR, D. D.

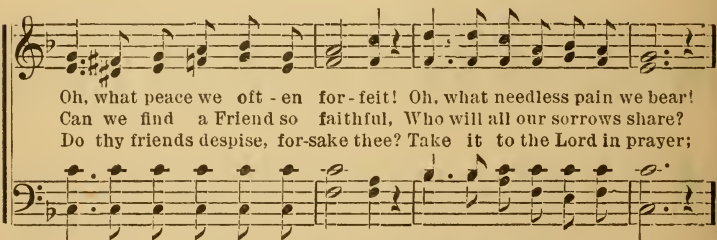
C. C. CONVERSE, by per.



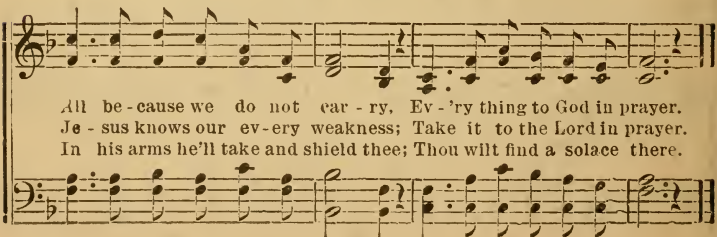
1. What a friend we have in Je - sus! All our sins and griefs to bear;
 2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta-tions? Is there trouble a - ny-where?
 3. Are we weak and heav-y la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?



What a priv-i-lege to ear - ry Ev-'ry thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev-er be dis-couraged; Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Precious Sa-vior, still our ref-uge, Take it to the Lord in prayer.



Oh, what peace we oft - en for-feit! Oh, what needless pain we bear!
 Can we find a Friend so faithful, Who will all our sorrows share?
 Do thy friends despise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

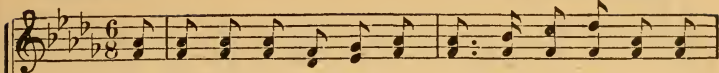


All be-cause we do not ear - ry, Ev-'ry thing to God in prayer.
 Je - sus knows our ev-ery weakness; Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a solace there.

Wonderful Story of Love.

UNKNOWN.

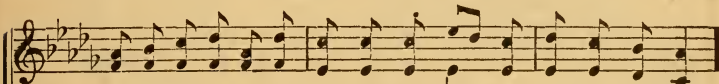
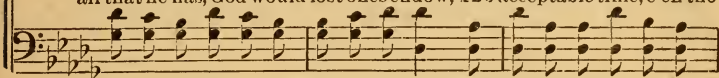
ARTHUR J. SMITH. By per.



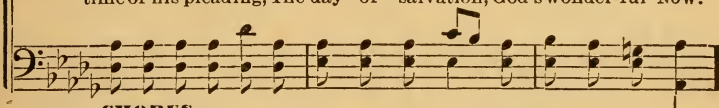
1. To - day God is tell - ing a won - der - ful sto - ry, The
2. He brings the as - sur - ance of pres - ent sal - va - tion, E -
3. This, then, is the day when with love far ex - ceed - ing, With



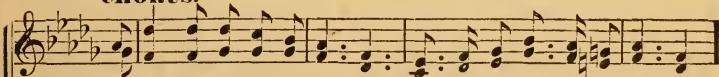
tru - est, the grandest that ever was told; The fullest disclosure of
ter - nal as God's own immutable throne, Deliv'rance for - ev - er from
all that he has, God would lost ones endow, The acceptable time, e'en the



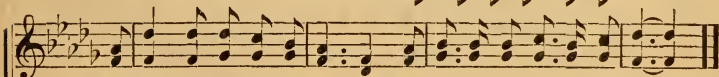
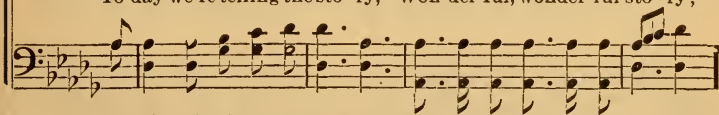
grace and of glory, Kept hid - den from all the prophets of old.
all condemnation, A stand - ing in Christ, the place of a son.
time of his pleading, The day of salvation, God's wonder - ful now.



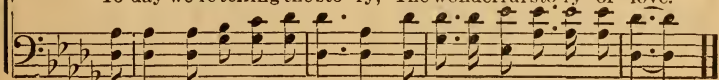
CHORUS.



To-day we're telling the sto - ry, Won - der - ful, wonder - ful sto - ry;



To-day we're telling the sto - ry, The wonderful sto - ry of love.



Copyright, 1892, by Arthur J. Smith.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

1. Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
 2. Je - sus spilt his blood for me, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
 3. Je - sus sits up - on the throne, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!

Je - sus died to set me free, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
 That his kingdom I might see, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
 Soon he'll take me to his home, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!

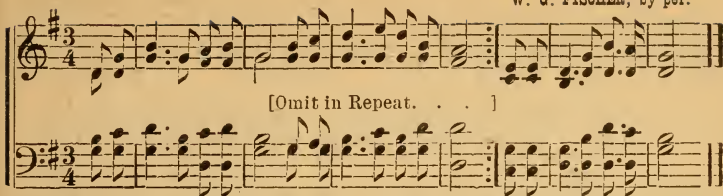
CHORUS.

Wonderful love, wonderful love, Wonder - ful love for me;

Wonderful love, wonderful love, Wonder - ful love for me.

Copyright, 1892, by Rev. J. H. Weber.

W. G. FISCHER, by per.



1 I am coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

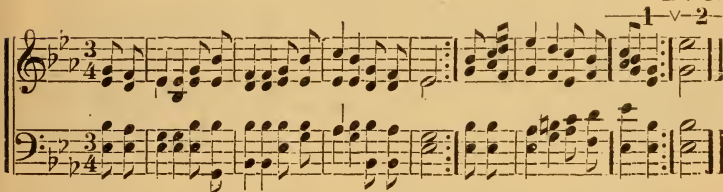
CHO.—*I am trusting, Lord in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.*

2 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body, thine to be,—
Wholly thine for evermore.

3 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in him I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

Nettleton.

D. C.



34. HELPED HITHERTO.

1 Come, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise,
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And, I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God.
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee,
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

35. WORK, WORK, WORK!

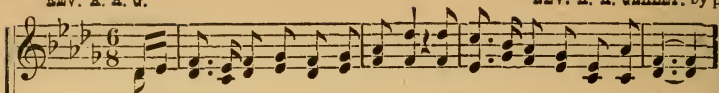
1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work, thro' the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work, 'mid springing flow'rs,
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work, through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon,
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work for the night is coming,
When man works no more,

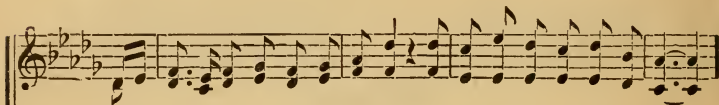
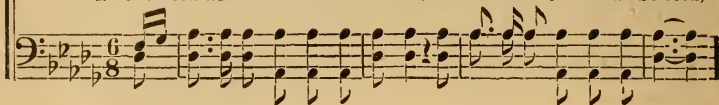
3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work for the daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

REV. A. A. G.

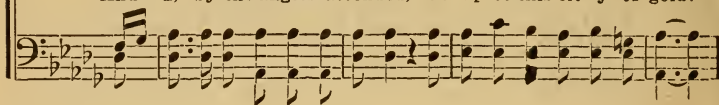
REV. A. A. GRALEY, by per



1. Oh, there is a beauti-ful cit - y, Just o-ver the river so cold;
2. No sun ever shines on that city, Yet never the drearishome night
3. No sin ever reigns in that city, No foe lies in wait to an - noy;
4. Oh, when will the conflict be ended, The sum of my sorrows be told,



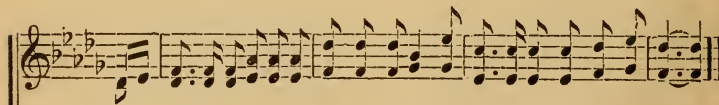
Twas built by the Father Almighty — Jeru-salem, cit - y of gold.
 Enshrouds with a mantle its beauty, For glory divine is its light.
 No grief ever calls for our pit-y, For full is the meas-ure of joy.
 And I, by the angels attended, Go up to this cit - y of gold?



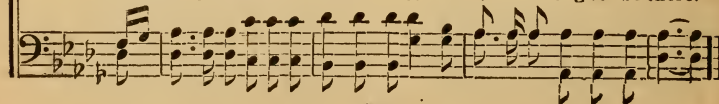
CHORUS.



I long, oh, I long to be there, I long, oh, I long to be there;

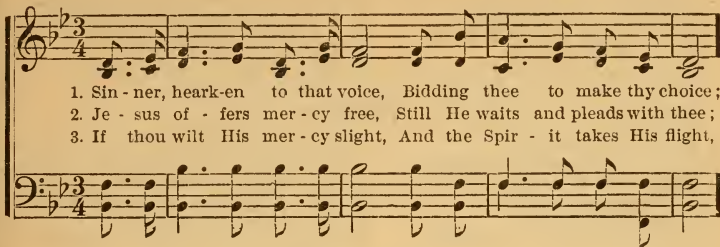


I'd gladly pass over the river to-day, For oh, how I long to be there.

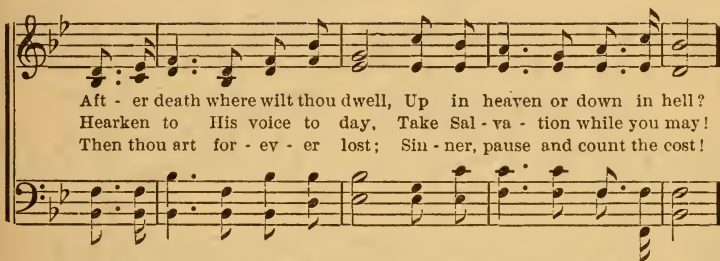


Miss MARY PHILIPS.

Rev. J. H. WEBER.

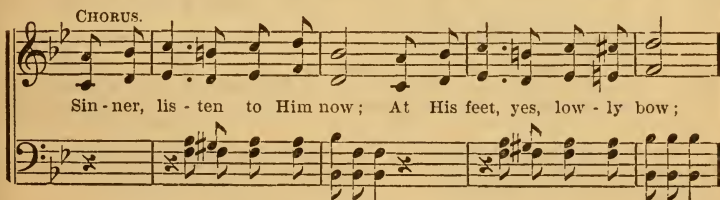


1. Sin - ner, hear - en to that voice, Bidding thee to make thy choice;
 2. Je - sus of - fers mer - cy free, Still He waits and pleads with thee;
 3. If thou wilt His mer - cy slight, And the Spir - it takes His flight,

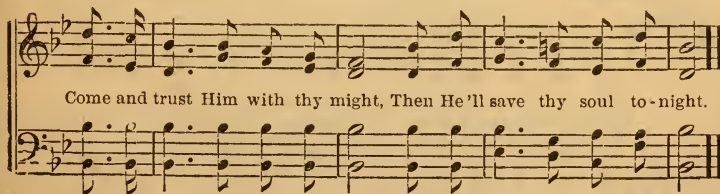


Aft - er death where wilt thou dwell, Up in heaven or down in hell?
 Hearken to His voice to day, Take Sal - va - tion while you may!
 Then thou art for - ev - er lost; Sin - ner, pause and count the cost!

CHORUS.



Sin - ner, lis - ten to Him now; At His feet, yes, low - ly bow;



Come and trust Him with thy might, Then He'll save thy soul to - night.

Copyrighted, 1890, by Rev. J. H. WEBER.

BLESSED UNION.

TUNE—"Dennis."

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;

Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares. —

4 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

39.

BEULAH.

1 My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.

Cho.—*Oh, come, angel band,
Come and around me stand!*

*Oh, bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home!*

2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks;
The crossing must be near.

3 Oh, bear my longing heart to him
Who bled and died for me!
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin
And gives me victory.

40.

Depth of Mercy.

{ Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear? Me the chief of sinners spare?

CHORUS.

{ God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still, Jesus weeps, he weeps and loves me still.

2 I have long withstood his grace.
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not harken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 There for me the Saviour stands.
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

41.

Rejoicing Evermore.

JOHN NEWTON.

R. E. HUDSON, by per.

1. Tho' troubles assail and dangers affright, Tho' friends should all
2. The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed; From them let us
3. When Sa-tan appears to stop up our path, And fills us with
4. He tells us we're weak—our hope is in vain, The good that we

CHORUS.—Yes, I will rejoice, re-joice in the Lord. Yes, I will re-

Rejoicing Evermore.—Concluded.

fail, and foes all u-nite, Yet one thing secures us, whatev-er be-
learn to trust for our bread, His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be de-
fears, we triumph by faith; He can not take from us, tho' oft he has
seek we ne'er shall obtain; But with such suggestions our graces have

-joice, re-joice in the Lord. Yes, I will rejoice, rejoice in the *D. C.*

tide. The promise as-sures us,—the Lord will pro- vide.
-nied, So long as 'tis writ ten,—the Lord will pro- vide.
tried, The heart cheering promise,—the Lord will pro- vide.
tried, This answers all questions,—the Lord will pro- vide.

Lord. Will joy in the God of my sal- vation.
From "Salvation Echoes," by permission.

42. WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround the throne,
While ye surround the throne.

CHO.—*We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.*

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heav'nly King,
May speak their joys abroad.
3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high. [ground

43.

L. M.

1 Awake my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

REV. J. H. WEBER.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

1. At the cross of Christ I'll kneel and pray, His blood will wash my sins a-way ;
 2. At the cross of Christ I've come to stay, Till Jesus takes my sins a-way ;
 3. At the cross of Christ, what joy untold, If you will look and him behold ;

If I'll believe he'll take me in, And wash me white and clean within.
 I'll seek his face by day and night, Un-til I know my heart is right.
 In him is life and peace within, And freedom from the pow'r of sin.

CHORUS.

At the cross . . . I'll wait, . . . at the cross . . . I'll wait, . . .
 At the cross I'll wait, at the cross I'll wait,

At the cross . . . I'll wait, . . . till Je-sus takes me in. . . .
 At the cross I'll wait, takes me in.

Copyright, 1891, by REV. J. H. WEBER.

Behold the Bridegroom.

"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold the bridegroom cometh;
 R. E. H. go ye out to meet him"—MATT. 25:6. R. E. HUDSON

1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes? Are you
2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes; Have
3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will
4. We will chant al - leluias When he comes, when he comes; We will

ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes; Behold! he cometh!
 lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes; He quickly cometh!
 all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; He surely cometh!
 chant al - le - luias When he comes, when he comes; Lo! now he cometh!

D. S. Be - hold! he cometh; Fine

behold! he cometh! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.
 he quickly cometh! Oh, soul, be ready when the Bridegroom comes.
 he sure - ly cometh! We'll go to meet him when the Bridegroom comes.
 lo! now he cometh! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bridegroom comes.

be-hold! he cometh! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.
 CHORUS.

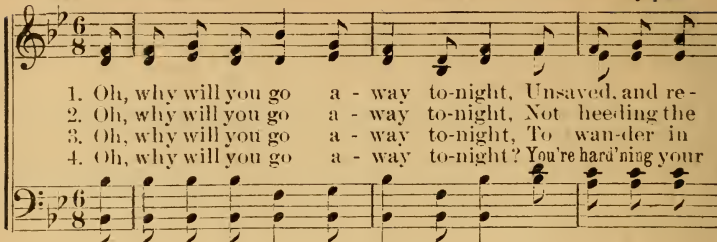
D. S.

Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes! Behold the Bridegroom,
 for he comes, for he comes!

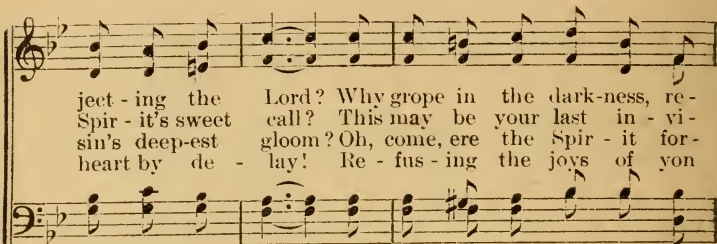
By per. R. E. HUDSON.
 (33)

REV. I. N. McHOSE.

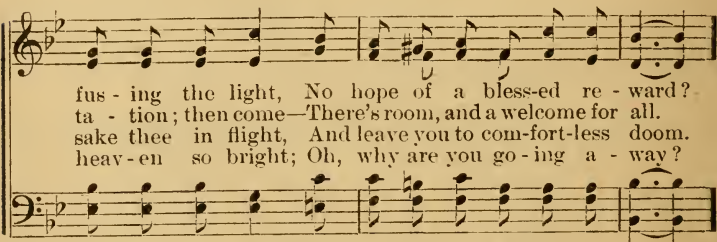
CHAS. H. GABRIEL. By per.



1. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, Unsaved, and re -
 2. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, Not heeding the
 3. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, To wan-der in
 4. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night? You're hard'n'ing your

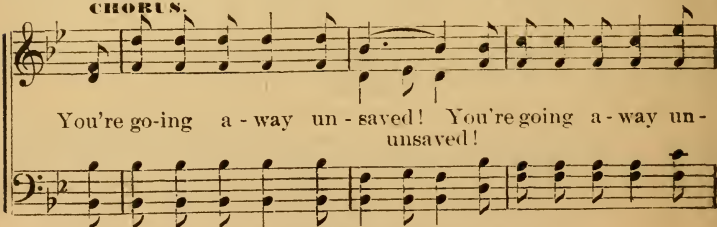


ject - ing the Lord? Why grope in the dark-ness, re -
 Spir - it's sweet call? This may be your last in - vi -
 sin's deep-est gloom? Oh, come, ere the Spir - it for -
 heart by de - lay! Re - fus - ing the joys of yon



fus - ing the light, No hope of a bless-ed re - ward?
 ta - tion; then come—There's room, and a welcome for all.
 sake thee in flight, And leave you to com-fort-less doom.
 heav-en so bright; Oh, why are you go - ing a - way?

CHORUS.



You're go-ing a - way un - saved! You're going a - way un -
 unsaved!

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Going Away Unsaved. Concluded.

saved (unsaved)! You're un - der the curse! Oh, what can be
worse Than go - ing a - way un - saved (unsaved)!

47 I Do Believe. C. M.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

Unknown.

Fine.

1. Fath-er, I stretch my hands to thee, No oth-er help I know;
2. What did thine on-ly Son endure, Be - fore I drew my breath;
3. O Je-sus, could I this believe, I now should feel thy pow'r;
4. Auth-or of faith, to thee I lift My weary, long-ing eyes;

CHO. *I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me;*

D. S.
If thou withdraw thy-self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
What pain, what labor to se-cure My soul from endless death?
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve, In this ac-cept-ed hour.
Oh, let me now receive that gift; My soul without it dies.

And thro' his blood, his precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

God is Coming.

MRS. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN. By per.

1. God is coming! God is coming! shout aloud the glad re-frain;
 2. God is coming! God is coming! roll the notes of joy on high;
 3. God is coming! God is coming! and the hosts of sin are strong;
 4. God is coming! God is coming! oh, lift up your heart and pray!

Send the cry from town and cit-y to the village, hamlet, plain;
 Ev'-ry blood-bought son of Je-sus, ral-ly to your leader's cry!
 We will meet them bravely, boldly, and the fight will not be long.
 In the fight 'twixt light and darkness he will need strong arms to-day.

D. S. Ev'-ry man be up on du-ty, For Je-ho-rah comes this way.

God is coming! hear the angels shout the tidings from above!
 God is coming! God is coming! rub your rusty armor bright,
 God is coming! and before him pow'rs of darkness must give way;
 God is coming! fal-ter nev-er—when the conflict here is done

He will deluge your whole country with his tidal wave of love.
 Gird you sword and shield about you, and be ready for the fight.
 God is coming! by his strong arm we shall gain the vic-to-ry.
 You shall wear a crown of glo-ry in the kingdom of his Son.

God is Coming. Concluded.

CHORUS. *ff* **D. S.**

God is coming! pass the watch-word all along the line to-day!

49 **Happy Day.** **English Melody.**

P. DODDRIDGE.

1. { O happy day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! } Hap-py
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. }

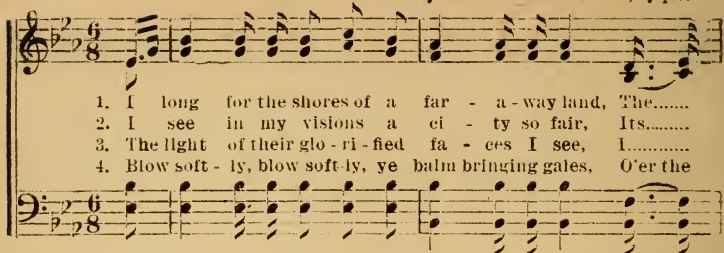
Fine. **D. S.**

day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live rejoicing ev'ry day. }

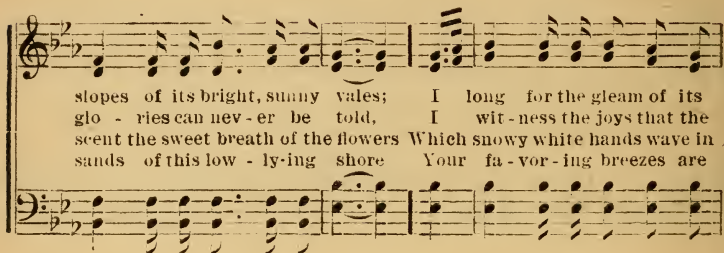
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 O happy bond, that seals my
 vows
 To him who merits all my love!
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
 While to that sacred shrine I
 move.</p> | <p>4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
 Fixed on this blissful center,
 rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
 With him of every good pos-
 sessed.</p> |
| <p>3 'Tis done! the great transaction's
 done!
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess that voice
 divine.</p> | <p>5 High heaven that heard the sol-
 emn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily
 hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.</p> |

I Long for the Shores.

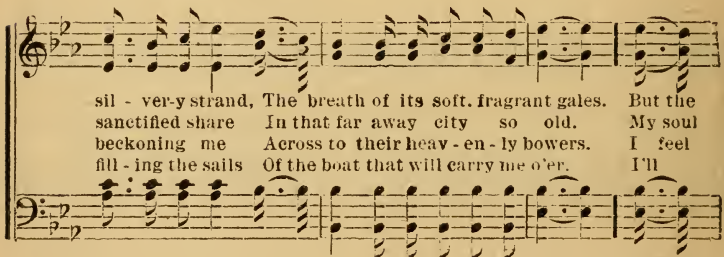
Music by MISS ALICE HARTSOUGH, by per.



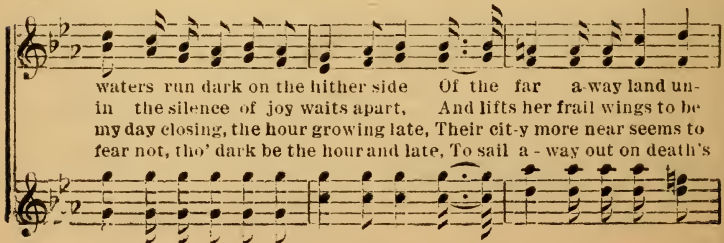
1. I long for the shores of a far - a - way land, The.....
 2. I see in my visions a ci - ty so fair, Its.....
 3. The light of their glo - ri - fied fa - ces I see, I.....
 4. Blow soft - ly, blow soft - ly, ye balm bringing gales, O'er the



slopes of its bright, sunny vales; I long for the gleam of its
 glo - ries can nev - er be told, I wit - ness the joys that the
 scent the sweet breath of the flowers Which snowy white hands wave in
 sands of this low - ly - ing shore Your fa - vor - ing breezes are



sil - ver - y strand, The breath of its soft, fragrant gales. But the
 sanctified share In that far away city so old. My soul
 beckoning me Across to their heav - en - ly bowers. I feel
 fill - ing the sails Of the boat that will carry me o'er. I'll



waters run dark on the hither side Of the far a - way land un -
 in the silence of joy waits apart, And lifts her frail wings to be
 my day closing, the hour growing late, Their cit - y more near seems to
 fear not, tho' dark be the hour and late, To sail a - way out on death's

I Long for the Shores. Concluded.

- known; So I stand in the shad-ows, and
 free..... For voic - es of dear ones, the
 be When I think that be - yond, at the
 sea For the Friend of my soul at the

wait for the tide That must carry me out a - lone.
 loved of my heart, Come call - ing and call - ing for me.
 beau - ti - ful gate, So man - y are wait - ing for me.
 beau - ti - ful gate Is watch - ing and wait - ing for me.

51

Praise Ye The Lord.

Rev. J. H. W.

Rev. J. H. WEBER.

Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Praise Him, Praise Him. Praise ye the Lord.

—*—

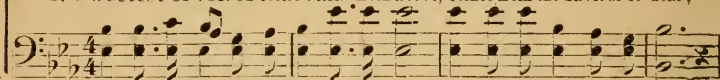
Within a few years there has been a great revival of music among us, and notably of Choral Music. Our people have left the puritanical silence and stiffness of the Fathers and have learned to see that music is as much one of God's gifts as speech. Our children are taught to sing before they know their letters. We pay the best prices, the best talent of the world is flowing to our shores and we are rapidly becoming a musical people. Our churches have felt the influence of this growth of general musical culture. Every little chapel is putting up its organ, and endeavors to have a choir.

REV. I. N. McHOSE.

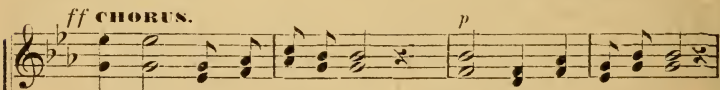
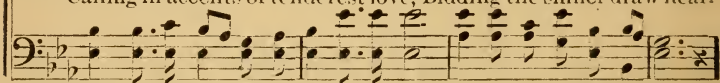
CHAS. H. GABRIEL. By per.



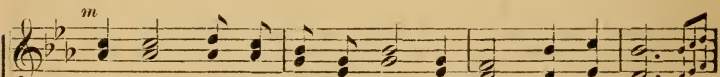
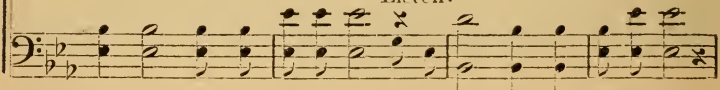
1. Over in heaven are loved ones to-night Waiting to welcome us home ;
2. Mother is tenderly calling her child, Calling as in days gone by ;
3. List! there's a little voice, wondrously clear, Joining the heavenly song ;
4. Husbands and wives call their lone ones to come To them, where partings are o'er ;
5. Sweetest of voices that calls from above, Comes from the Saviour so dear ;



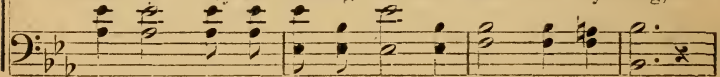
See! as they stand by the portals of light—Listen! they call us to come.
 Father, who's standing so close by her side, Calls us to join them on high.
 "Hear! it is singing, "Dear mother, come home, Come to this bright, happy home."
 Brothers and sisters unite in the song, Welcoming home to yon shore.
 Calling in accents of tenderest love, Bidding the sinner draw near.



Hear them! they are calling us, Now they are calling us ;
 Listen!



Sweet-ly they are call-ing us in heav-en-ly song,



Calling Us. Concluded.

ff *pp*

Hear them! they are calling us. Now they are calling us;
Listen!

f

Hark! how they are ten-der - ly call - ing us home.

Detailed description: This musical score is for the piece 'Calling Us. Concluded.' It is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key of two flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor). The first system begins with a forte (*ff*) dynamic, followed by a piano (*pp*) section. The lyrics 'Hear them! they are calling us. Now they are calling us; Listen!' are placed between the staves. The second system starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic and continues the lyrics 'Hark! how they are ten-der - ly call - ing us home.' The piece concludes with a double bar line.

53

Pentecost.

J. G. By per.

1. The pow - er is com-ing. The pow - er is com-ing,
2. My soul is re-ceiving, My soul is re-ceiving,
3. I'm trust - ing in Je - sus, I'm trust - ing in Je - sus,

The pow - er is com-ing, The pow - er of the Ho-ly Ghost.
My soul is re-ceiving, The pow - er of the Ho-ly Ghost.
I'm trust-ing in Je - sus, For the pow'r of the Ho-ly Ghost.

Detailed description: This musical score is for the piece 'Pentecost.' It is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key of two sharps (D major or B minor). The score includes three verses of lyrics. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a steady rhythm. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

MRS. J. F. KNAPP, by per.

1 Blessed as-surance, Je-sus is mine! Oh what a fore-taste of glory di-

vine! Heir of salvation, purchased of God, Born of his Spirit, wash'd in his blood,

CHORUS.

This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sa-viour all the day

long; This is my story, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
 Visions of rapture burst on my sight,
 Angels descending, bring from above,
 Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

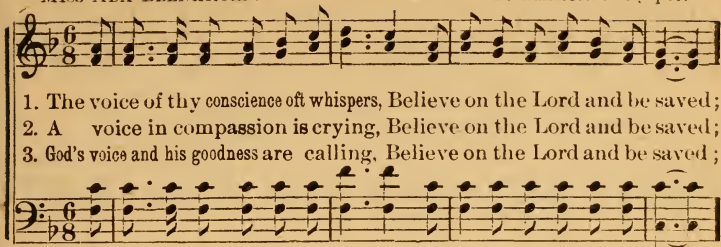
Chor.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
 I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
 Watching and waiting, looking above,
 Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

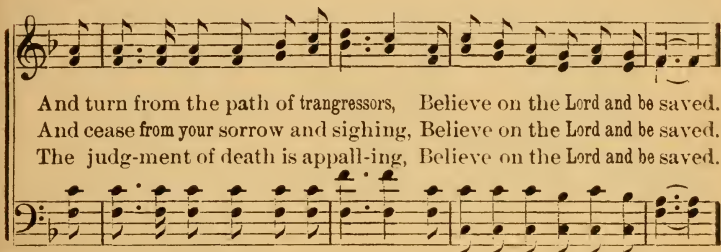
Chor.

MISS ADA BLENKHORN.

P. BILHORN. By per.

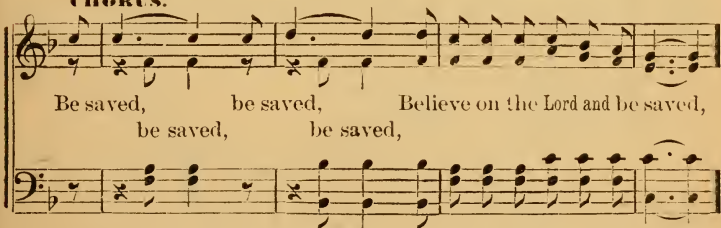


1. The voice of thy conscience oft whispers, Believe on the Lord and be saved;
 2. A voice in compassion is crying, Believe on the Lord and be saved;
 3. God's voice and his goodness are calling, Believe on the Lord and be saved;

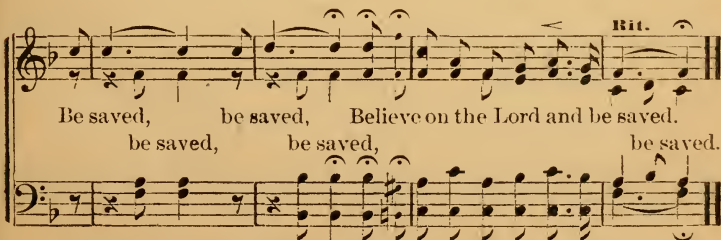


And turn from the path of transgressors, Believe on the Lord and be saved.
 And cease from your sorrow and sighing, Believe on the Lord and be saved.
 The judgment of death is appalling, Believe on the Lord and be saved.

CHORUS.



Be saved, be saved, Believe on the Lord and be saved,
 be saved, be saved,



Be saved, be saved, Believe on the Lord and be saved.
 be saved, be saved, be saved.

Send the Light.

C. H. G.

C. H. G. By per

1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light!"
 2. We have heard the Macedonian call to-day, "Send the light!"
 3. Let us pray that grace may ev'ry-where a-bound, Send the light!
 4. Let us not grow weary in the work of love, Send the light!

Send the light!

Send the light!"
 Send the light!"
 Send the light!
 Send the light!

There are souls to rescue, there are souls to save,
 And a gold-en off-ring at the cross we lay,
 And a Christ-like spirit ev'ry-where be found,
 Let us gather jew-els for a crown a-bove,

Send the light!

The first eight measures (or Bass Solo) may be omitted.

CHORUS.

Send the light! Send the light!
 Send the light! Send the light!
 Send the light! Send the light!
 Send the light! Send the light!

We will spread the

Send the light! We will spread the ev-er-

Bass Solo.

everlasting light, With a will-ing, willing heart and hand;
 last-ing light With a will-ing heart and hand; . . . Giving

Send the Light. Concluded.

Giving God the glo-ry evermore, We will follow,
God . . the glory ev - er - more, We will follow his com-

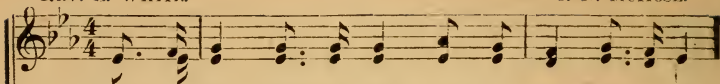
follow his command. Send the light, the blessed gos - pel light, Let it
mand. Send the light, the blessed gospel light,

shine from shore to shore ; . . . Send the light, and let its
Let it shine from shore to shore ; Send the light, and

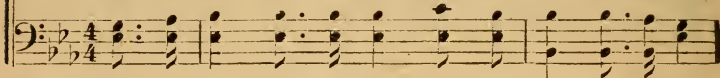
ra - diant beams Light the world for ev-er-more. . . .
let its radiant beams Light the world for ev-er-more.

REV. L. WHITE.

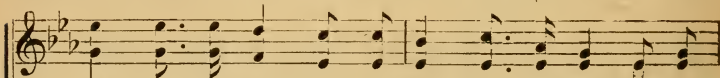
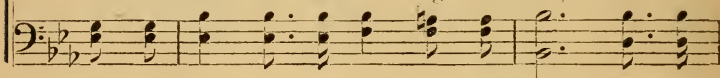
I. N. McHose.



1. Once a great feast was made by Bel-shaz-zar of old,
2. Then the King he a-rose from his seat on the throne,
3. Fear-less Dan-iel was brought to the midst of the throne,
4. "Thou art weighed by thy God and found want-ing to-night,
5. Let the wan-der-er haste and re-turn to the fold,



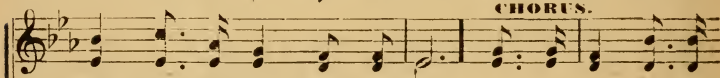
To his Lords in the ban-quet-ing hall; Where they
 And he cries to his hosts in ap-pall; "Sure a
 To in-ter-pret the writ-ing to all; He re-
 And thy war-riors shall wit-ness thy fall; All thy
 For a Hand is now writ-ing for all; And the



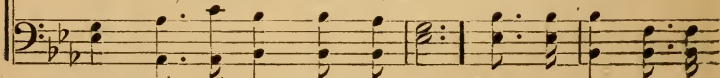
rev-elled and drank from the ves-sels of gold, When a
 crown I will give un-to him who makes known The hand-
 mind-ed the king of his great deeds of wrong And his
 glo-ry and pride soon shall fade out of sight," Says the
 sin-er shall read, like Bel-shaz-zar of old, With great



CHORUS.

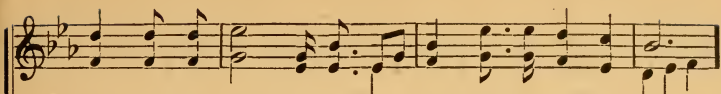


writ-ing appeared on the wall.
 writ-ing I see on the wall."
 doom, by the hand on the wall. 'Tis the hand of thy
 writ-ing of God on the wall.
 ter-ror, his doom on the wall.



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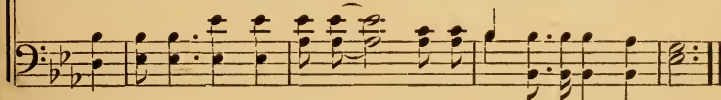
The Writing on the Wall. Concluded.



God on the wall, sinner; Oh, what shall the record be?



"Found wanting" or "found trusting," Will it read in eter - ni - ty?



58 A Barrel of Woes.

"I say, Bill, I wonder how many court-martials there are inside here?" said a soldier to his comrade, pointing as he spoke to a barrel of rum they were rolling from the depot into camp.

"O I don't know," replied the other, "but I never knew a soldier punished except through drink in some way or other."

These soldiers were old campaigners. They *knew* that rum spoiled the soldier, that it make him idle, passionate, impertinent, neglectful of duty, and that it exposed him to punishment. I hope the noble volunteers, who are as yet little better than novices in the mysteries of soldier life, will accept the testimony of those veterans, and banish rum from their camps.

Who can estimate the amount of misery contained in a barrel of rum? The amount of good within its hoops may be represented by a minus quantity. There is no good in it. But the evil it holds, what figures can represent that? It contains brawls, blows, oaths, crimes, woes, sorrows, ruined homes, broken hearts, and diseases innumerable. Who can deny this?

Why will you drink it then, O victim of drunkenness? Why buy and put into your mouth a liquid that obscures your reason, chills your affections, stimulates your worst passions, benumbs your conscience, unfits you to live upon earth, and prepares you for damnation and hell? Why? Stand up before the bar of your own reason, of public opinion, and of God, and defend your practice? *You can't do it!* Then be a man! Seek help from God, and renounce the slavery of the bottle!

Going Down the Valley. Concluded.

Rit.

down the valley, going down the valley, Going down the valley one by one.

This musical score is for the concluding part of the hymn 'Going Down the Valley'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody in the treble staff is marked 'Rit.' (Ritardando). The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

60

Let Us Walk in the Light.

ANON.

W. B. BRADBURY.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Let Us Walk in the Light'. It is in 2/4 time and G major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1. 'Tis re - lig - ion that can give, In the light, in the light, Sweetest
 'Tis re - lig - ion must sup - ply, In the light, in the light, Sol - id
 2. Aft - er death its joys will be In the light, in the light, Lasting
 Be the liv - ing God my friend, In the light, in the light, Then my

CHORUS.

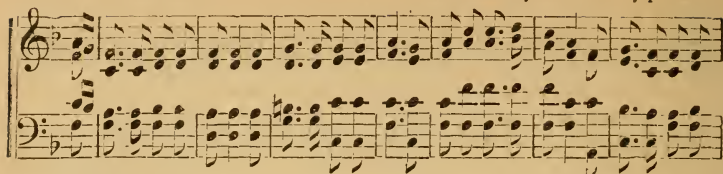
pleasure while we live In the light of God. }
 com - fort when we die In the light of God. } Let us walk in the light.
 as e - ter - ni - ty, In the light of God. }
 bliss shall nev - er end, In the light of God. }

The chorus is marked with a repeat sign and a double bar line. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

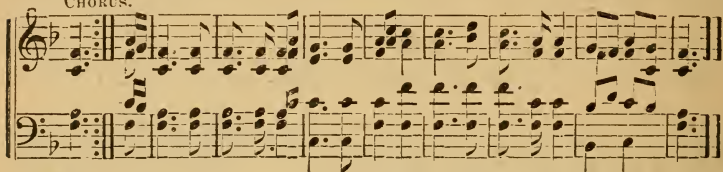
In the light, in the light, Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.

This block contains the final line of the hymn. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

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CHORUS.



1 I saw a wayworn trav'ler
In tattered garments clad,
And, struggling up the mountain,
It seemed that he was sad.
His back was laden heavy,
His strength was almost gone,
Yet he shouted as he journeyed,
"Deliverance will come!"

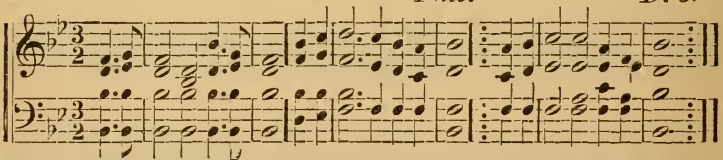
CHO.—Then palms of victory,
Crowns of glory
Palms of victory
I shall wear.

2 The summer sun was shining,
The sweat was on his brow,
His garments worn and dusty,
His step seemed very slow;
But he kept pressing onward.
For he was wending home,

Still shouting as he journeyed,
"Deliverance will come!"

3 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, "Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!"

4 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us,
'To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward,
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, "Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!"



1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure:
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow—
Could my zeal no languor know—
These for sin could not atone—

Thou must save and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to the cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

I WILL GO TO JESUS.

- 1 Lo! a voice is calling now, "Come away,
Come to Jesus and be saved while you may;
He is waiting now your heart to receive,
If you only in his name will believe."

CHORUS.—"Yes, *I will go,*
To Jesus I will go and be saved.

- 2 All my sins, and follies too, I'll forsake,
And a vow to serve the lord I will make:
All my wanderings from him I'll give o'er,
And his follower will be evermore.

- 3 In his blessed Word I'll trust day by day,
Which reveals him as the Life, Truth, and Way;
With the Holy Spirit's light as my guide,
From the narrow way I'll ne'er turn aside.

- 4 While the voice is calling now, I'll away
Unto Jesus and be saved while I may;
While he's waiting now my heart to receive,
In his all prevailing name I'll believe.

Home of the Soul.

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

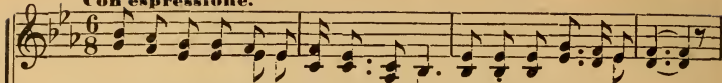
- 1 I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far-away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.
- 2 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.
- 3 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands.
To meet one another again.

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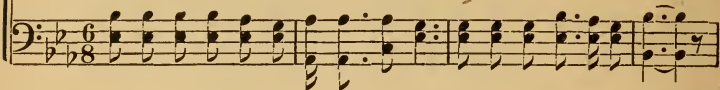
"Come this Way, Papa."

E. C. A.

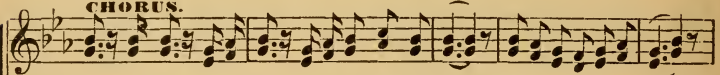
E. C. AVIS. By per.

Con espressione.

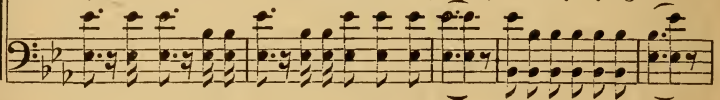
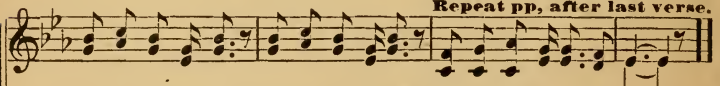
1. Out in the darkness I wander'd a-lone, Out on the tur-bulent sea;
2. Quickly I follow'd the dear loving call, Steering my bark for the shore;
3. Had I not heeded the voice when it said, "Come this way, papa, to me,"
4. Je - sus is ten-der-ly say-ing to-day, "Lost one, oh, come unto me;"



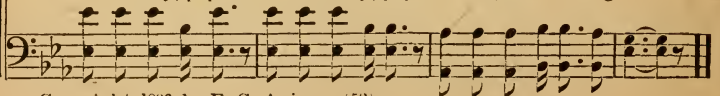
Here must I perish, I thought, when I heard A voice sweetly saying to me—
Soon was I safe in the harbor, and heard A voice sweetly saying once more
I might have sighted the beautiful shore, And perished at last on the sea.
Lov'd ones have anchor'd with him on the strand, Sweetly they're calling for
[thee]

**CHORUS.**

Hark, oh, hark ! 'Tis the voice, 'tis the voice of my child, Tenderly saying to me—

**Repeat pp, after last verse.**

"Come this way, papa, come this way, papa, Come, I am waiting for thee."



REV. J. H. WEBER.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

1. Will you go with me to the highlands of heaven, Where glory reigns in light;
 2. Will you go with me to the highlands of heaven? It's there my Saviour reigns;
 3. Will you go with me to the highlands of heaven, Where mansions are prepared?

Where the joy of his grace and the smiles of his face Fill the soul with pure delight?
 In the midst of his throne and to us he'll make known The things that perplex us here.
 There our praises we sing to the Christ our King, And praise him around the throne.

CHORUS.

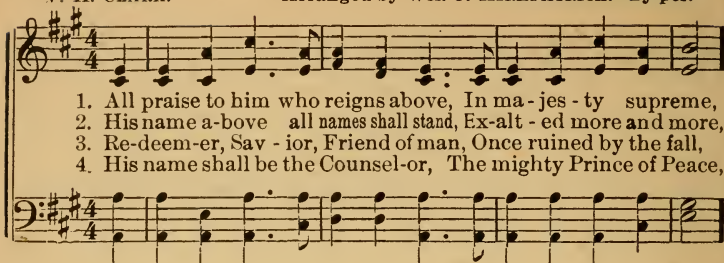
Will you go, will you go, Will you go with me to heaven;
 will you go, will you go,

Will you go, will you go, will you go with me to heaven.
 will you go, will you go,

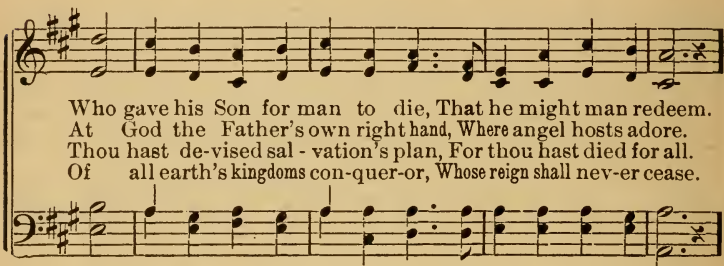
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W. H. CLARK.

Arranged by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

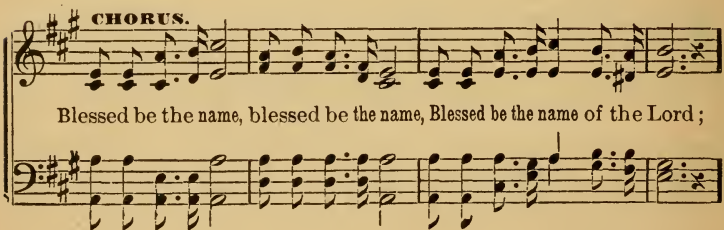


1. All praise to him who reigns above, In ma-jes - ty supreme,
 2. His name a-bove all names shall stand, Ex-alt - ed more and more,
 3. Re-deem-er, Sav - ior, Friend of man, Once ruined by the fall,
 4. His name shall be the Counsel-or, The mighty Prince of Peace,

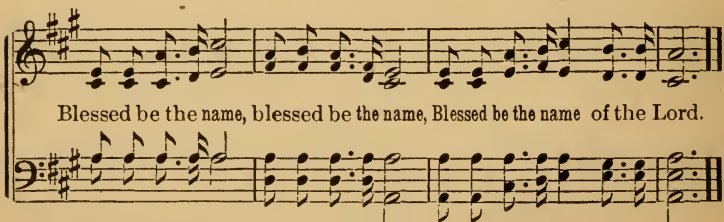


Who gave his Son for man to die, That he might man redeem.
 At God the Father's own right hand, Where angel hosts adore.
 Thou hast de-vised sal - vation's plan, For thou hast died for all.
 Of all earth's kingdoms con-quer-or, Whose reign shall nev-er cease.

CHORUS.



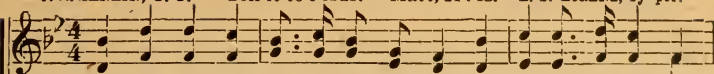
Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord ;



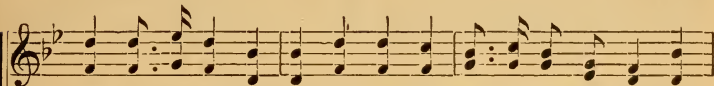
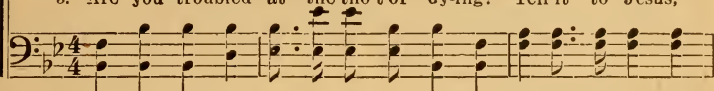
Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Tell it to Jesus Alone.

J. F. RANKIN, D. D. "Tell it to Jesus."—Matt, 14:12. E. S. LORENZ, by per.



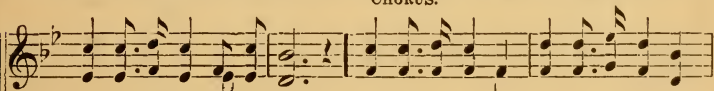
1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y-heart-ed? Tell it to Jesus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Jesus,
3. Are you troubled at the tho't of dy-ing? Tell it to Jesus,



Tell it to Je-sus; Are you grieving o-ver joys de-part-ed?
 Tell it to Je-sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid-den?
 Tell it to Je-sus; For Christ's coming kingdom are you sighing?

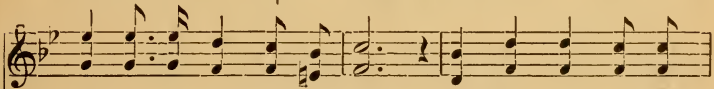
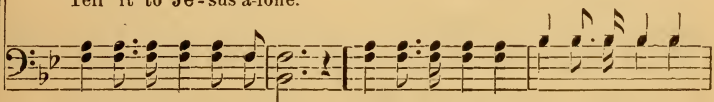


CHORUS.

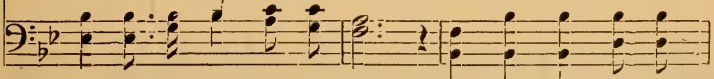


Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.
 Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.
 Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.

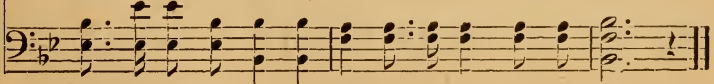
Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus,



He is a friend that's well knowu; You have no oth-er



such a friend or brother, Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.



'Tis the Harvest Time.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN. By per.

1. 'Tis the harvest time, 'tis the harvest time, To the fields I must away;
2. 'Tis the harvest time, 'tis the harvest time, Oh, who will go along?
3. 'Tis the harvest time, 'tis the harvest time, There is work for all to-day:

For the Mas-ter now is calling me, To go and work to-day.
 See the fields for harvest now are white, I hear the reaper's song.
 If you can not be a reaper, You can bear the sheaves away.

CHORUS.

Glean - ing on the hill-side, Glean - ing on the plain,
 Gleaning on the hillside, hillside, Gleaning on the sunny plain,

Working for the Master, 'Mong the golden grain.
 Working, working for the Master, 'Mong the golden grain, 'mong the golden grain.

My Happy Home.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

1. My stay on earth will soon be o'er, And then I'll go to that blest shore;
 2. My stay on earth will soon be done; A few more days of setting sun,
 3. My stay on earth will soon now end, And Jesus will his angels send,

There sorrow's past, and heav'n begun; Oh, help me, Lord, my race to run.
 And then in white around the throne, I'll shout that glad, yes, harvest home.
 To car - ry me beyond the skies To that blest home in par-a-dise.

CHORUS.

I'm almost home, my happy home, And there I'll nev-er, never roam,

But sing and shout my Saviour's praise With golden harp through endless days.

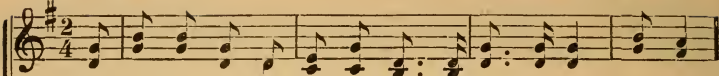
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The Very Same Jesus.

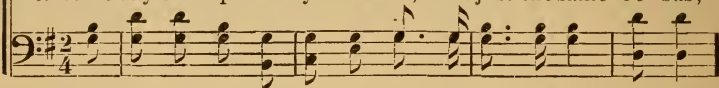
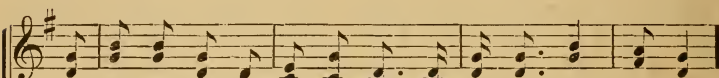
"This same Jesus."—Acts i: 11.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

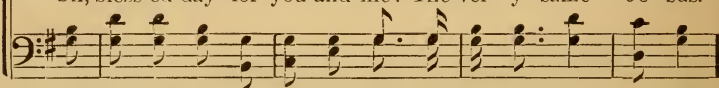
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



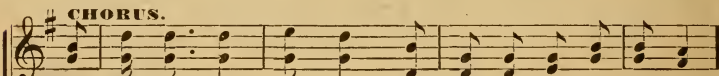
1. Come, sinners, to the Liv-ing One, He's just the same Je - sus
2. Come, feast up-on the "liv-ing bread," He's just the same Je - sus
3. Come, tell him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je - sus
4. Come un - to him for clear-er light, He's just the same Je - sus
5. Calm 'midst the waves of trou-ble be, He's just the same Je - sus
6. Some day our raptured eyes shall see, He's just the same Je - sus;

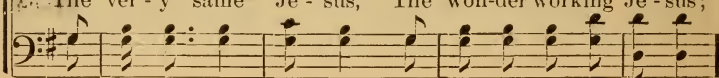
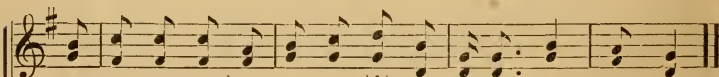
As when he raised the widow's son, The ver - y same Je - sus.
 As when the mul-ti-tudes he fed, The ver - y same Je - sus.
 As when he shed those loving tears, The ver - y same Je - sus.
 As when he gave the blind their sight, The ver - y same Je - sus.
 As when he hushed the raging sea, The ver - y same Je - sus.
 Oh, bless-ed day for you and me! The ver - y same Je - sus.



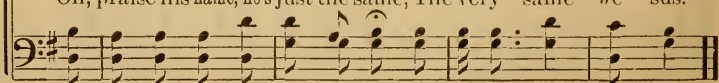
CHORUS.



The ver - y same Je - sus, The won-der working Je - sus;

Oh, praise his name, he's just the same, The very same Je - sus.



Handwritten musical score for 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 3/4 time. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The music consists of a single system with a repeat sign. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the Treble staff. The score is marked 'Handwritten' and 'No. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817.

Chorus.

[Omit in Repeat.]

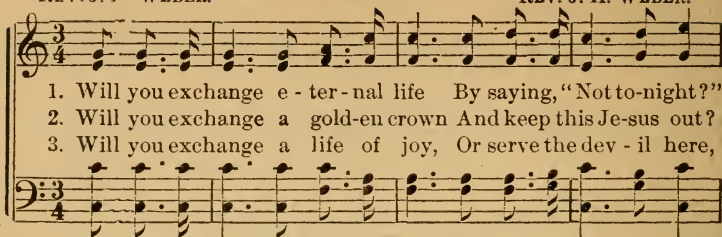
4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified.

PARDONED AND WON.

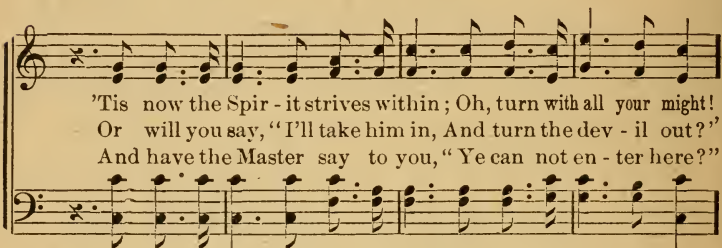
Go then precious soul, go, confess your sin, be pardoned, and sin no more.

REV. J. F. WEBER.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

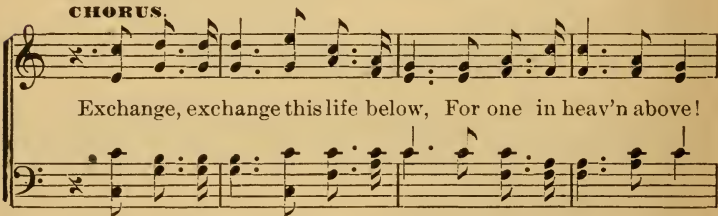


1. Will you exchange e - ter - nal life By saying, "Not to-night?"
 2. Will you exchange a gold-en crown And keep this Je-sus out?
 3. Will you exchange a life of joy, Or serve the dev - il here,

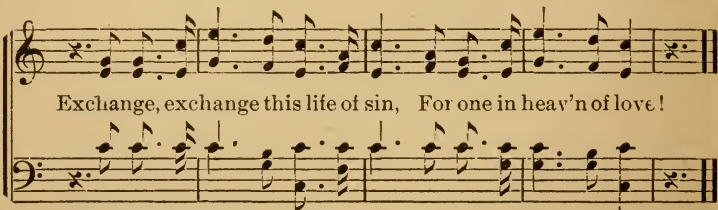


'Tis now the Spir - it strives within; Oh, turn with all your might!
 Or will you say, "I'll take him in, And turn the dev - il out?"
 And have the Master say to you, "Ye can not en - ter here?"

CHORUS.



Exchange, exchange this life below, For one in heav'n above!



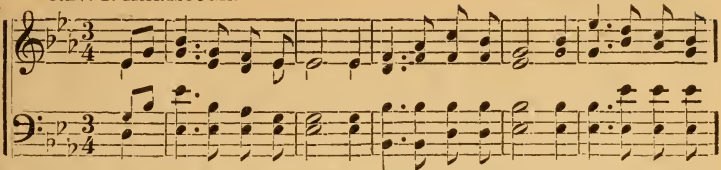
Exchange, exchange this life of sin, For one in heav'n of love!

Copyright, 1892, by Rev. J. H. Weber.

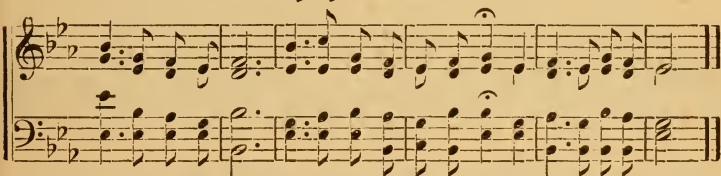
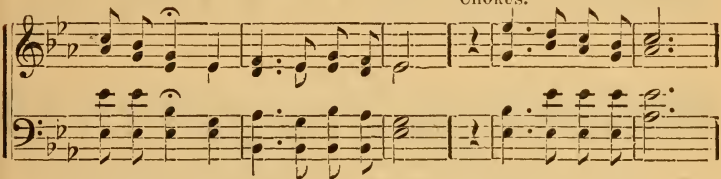
Coming, Lord, to Thee.

REV. T. HARTSOUGH.

REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



CHORUS.



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1 I hear thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to thee,
For cleansing in thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

CHO.—*I am coming, Lord;
Coming now to thee;
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.*

2 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,

To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

3 And he the witness gives,
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled.
If faith but brings the plea.

4 All hail, atoning blood;
All hail, redeeming grace;
All hail, the gift of Christ the Lord,
Our strength and righteousness.

76. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

1 Sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes
known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,

Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of
prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight,
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the
air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of
prayer.

Just Over the River.

ROBT. SPURGIN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Just o-ver the riv-er, just o-ver the riv-er, I'm told is the
 2. Just o-ver the riv-er, just o-ver the riv-er, The cit-y that
 3. Just o-ver the riv-er, just o-ver the riv-er, I'm told is the

cit-y of God; Its gates are of pearl and its streets are of gold,
 knowest no night; It needeth no sun, neither needeth the moon,
 cit-y of God; Its gates are of pearl and its streets are of gold,

And by glo-ri-fied beings they're trod, And Je-sus, my Sav-ior, has
 For the glo-ry of God is its light, In that city are loved ones a -
 And by glo-ri-fied beings they're trod, And Je-sus, my Sav-ior, has

gone to that cit-y, A place for his own to pre-pare; In the
 wait-ing my com-ing, Ex-pect-ant they stand on the shore; O
 gone to that cit-y, A place for his own to pre-pare; In the

Just Over the River. Concluded.

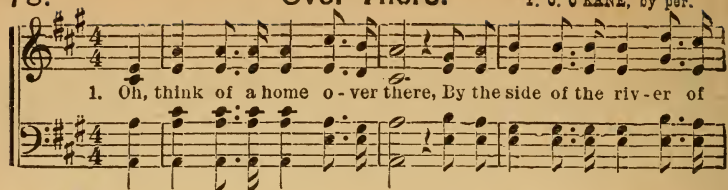
house of the Father the mansions are ma-ny, And one is a-
when shall I en-ter my mansion in heaven, A pilgrim to
house of the Father the mansions are ma-ny, And one is a-

CHORUS.

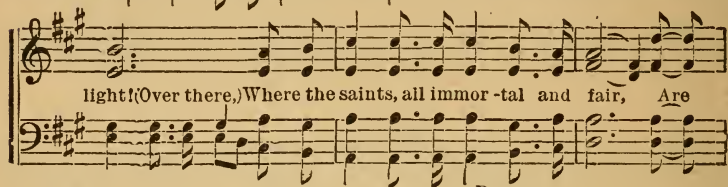
wait-ing me there. Just o - - ver the riv - er,
roam nev-er more?
wait-ing me there. Just o-ver the riv-er, just o-ver the riv-er,

That beau-ti-ful cit-y I see; Just o - - ver the
And Jesus, my Savior, has

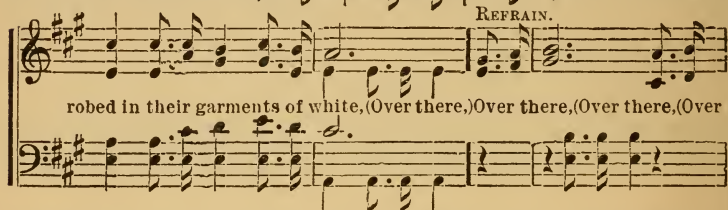
riv - - er, A place in that cit-y for me.
gone to make read-y



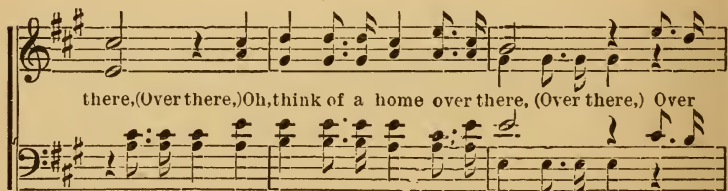
1. Oh, think of a home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of



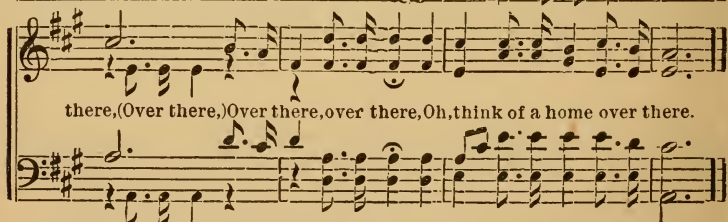
light! (Over there,) Where the saints, all immor-tal and fair, Are



robed in their garments of white, (Over there,) Over there, (Over there, (Over



there, (Over there,) Oh, think of a home over there, (Over there,) Over



there, (Over there,) Over there, over there, Oh, think of a home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod!
Of the songs that they breathe on the
air,
In their home in the palace of God,
Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there!

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at
rest:
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

Seeking, Calling, Knocking.

C. MURRAY.

ARTHUR J. SMITH. By per.

1. Jesus is waiting to welcome the weary, Worn with the world's fruitless
 2. Je - sus is waiting, he standeth and knocketh, Calling in love un-to
 3. "Will you not come? you need no preparation, Stay not to think, but come

striv-ing for peace; Tired with a night-watch that knoweth no morning,
 each one oppressed—"Come unto me, sin-ner, wea - ry and la - den,
 just as you are, Bring nothing with you, for love giv-eth free - ly,

CHORUS.
 Sick with a heart-ache that earth can not ease.
 I will receive you, and give you my rest." Je - sus is seek - ing,
 Peace—perfect peace, that no sorrow can mar." seeking, seeking,

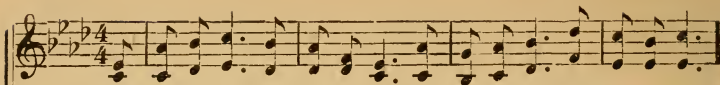
Je-sus is call - ing, Will you not come to him now? Je-sus is
 calling, calling, to him now?

knock - ing, Je-sus is wait - ing, Waiting to save you now.
 knocking, knocking, waiting, waiting, save you now.

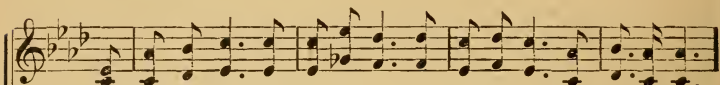
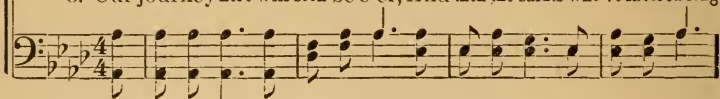
Copyright, 1890, by Arthur J. Smith.

E. C. A.

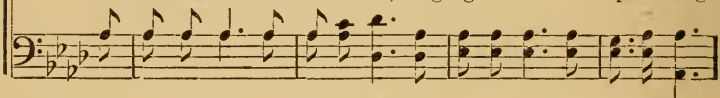
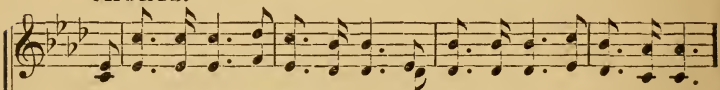
E. C. AVIS. By per.



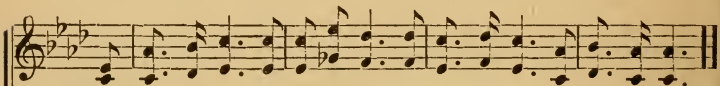
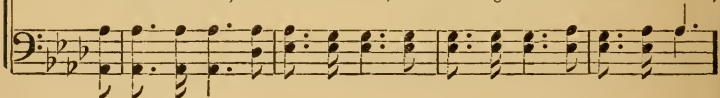
1. The promised land by faith I see, Where Jesus lives and reigns a-bove ;
2. The way grows brighter all along, The blessed path where Jesus trod ;
3. Our journey here will soon be o'er, And then the saints who've labored long



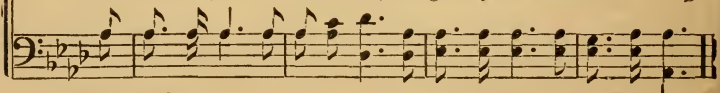
A land of rest, from sorrow free, Where all is joy and peace and love.
 With hope, inspired, we journey on, The narrow way that leads to God.
 Will dwell with Christ forevermore, Singing the blest redemption song.

**CHORUS.**

He leads me on, he leads me on, To that bright land he leads me on ;



He leads me, and I follow on, He gently leads me all a-long.



What Then?

ANON.

E. C. AVIS. By per.

1. Af - ter the joys of earth, Af - ter its songs of mirth,
 2. Af - ter an emp - ty name, Af - ter a wea - ry frame,
 3. Af - ter this sad fare-well, To a world loved too well,

Af - ter its hours of light, Af - ter its dreams so bright,
 Af - ter this conscious smart, Af - ter an ach - ing heart,
 Af - ter this si - lent bed, With the for - got - ten dead,

p With expression.

What then? On - ly an emp - ty name, On - ly a wea - ry frame,
 What then? On - ly a sad fare-well To a world loved too well,
 What then? Oh! then the judgment throne, Oh! then the last hope gone.

Rit.

On - ly a conscious smart, On - ly an ach - ing heart.
 On - ly a si - lent bed With the for - got - ten dead.
 Then all the woes that dwell In an e - ter - nal hell!

REV. J. H. WEBER.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

1. Have ye received, since ye have believed? Have ye received this joy?
 2. Have you been blest, and do you find rest? Have ye received this joy?
 3. Have you this light, and walking in white? Have ye received this joy?

Je - sus has died, for you cruci-fied; Have ye received this joy?
 Je - sus is love and reigning above, Have ye received his joy?
 Look and be - lieve, and Je-sus receive, Then you'll re-ceive this joy!

CHORUS.

Joy, joy, e - ter - nal joy! Je - sus will give you this joy!

Joy, joy, e - ter - nal joy! Je - sus will give you this joy!

Copyright, 1892, by Rev. J. H. Weber.

What a Gath'ring.

E. C. A.

E. C. AVIS. By per.

1. When we all gather home in the morning, On the shore of the bright crystal
 2. When we all gather home in the morning, And the one who redeemed us we
 3. When we all gather home in the morning, Where from death and from parting we're

sea, When we meet with the lov'd ones parted, What a gath'ring that will be.
 see, And as King of all Kings we shall crown him, What a gath'ring that will be.
 free, When we bow at the feet of our Saviour, What a gath'ring that will be.

CHORUS.

What a gath' - ring, gath - 'ring, What a gath'ring that will be,
 What a gath'ring, gath'ring, gath'ring, gath'ring, What a gath'ring that will, that will be,

What a gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring, What a gath'ring that will be.
 What a gath'ring, gath'ring, gath'ring, gath'ring,

Memories of Galilee.

ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D.

H. B. PALMER, by per.

1. Each cooing dove..... and sighing bough..... That makes the
 2. Each flow'ry glen and moss-y dell..... Where happy
 3. And when I read..... the thrilling lore..... Of Him who

1. Each cooing dove, and sighing bough,
 2. Each flow'ry glen, and moss-y dell,
 3. And when I read the thrilling lore

Bass.

eve so blest to me..... Has something far..... di-vin-er
 birds..... in song a-gree..... Thro' sunny morn..... the praises
 walked upon the sea,..... I long, oh, how..... I long once

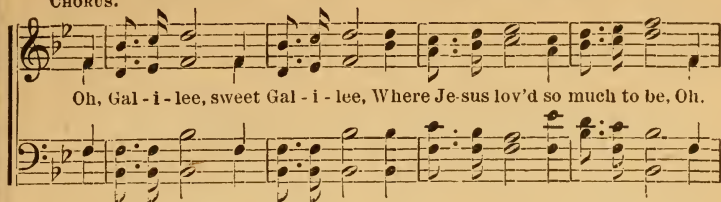
That makes the eve so blest to me, Has something far
 Where happy birds in song agree, Thro' sunny morn the praises
 Of Him who walked upon the sea, I long, oh, how I long once

now It bears me back..... to Gal-i-lee.....
 tell..... Of sights and sounds..... in Gal-i-lee.....
 more To follow Him..... in Gal-i-lee.....

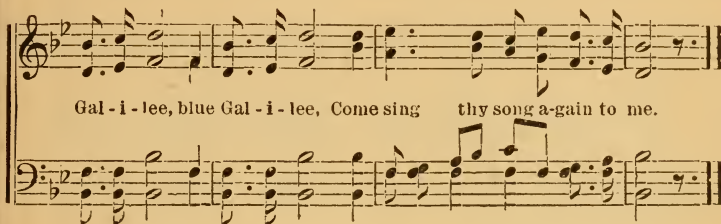
diviner now, It bears me back to Gal-i-lee.
 the praises tell Of sights and sound in Gal-i-lee.
 I long once more To fol-low Him in Gal-i-lee.

Memories of Galilee. Concluded.

CHORUS.



Oh, Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee, Where Je - sus lov'd so much to be, Oh.



Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee, Come sing thy song a - gain to me.

85.

Oh, to Know.

TUNE:—"PRECIOUS NAME."

1 Oh to know thee, precious Saviour,
Oh to feel that thou art mine;
Thou shalt have my heart, my Saviour,
Here I put my hand in thine.

CHO.—*Precious friend, precious friend,
Thou art all in all to me;
All I am, all I want,
I shall find complete in thee,*

2 It is done, I know, I feel it,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I will praise thee, ever praise thee:
That for me the Saviour died.

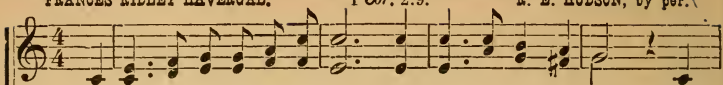
3 Take my best my choicest treasures,
Take my will, and make it thine;
Emptied now of self dear Saviour,
Fill me, with thy joy, divine.

MRS. REV. W. W. BROWN.

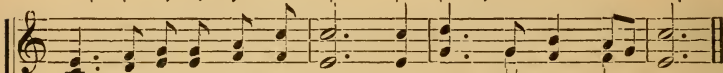
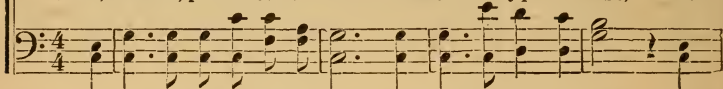
THE day of life is rapidly drawing to close. The night of death is fast coming on. Yet multitudes have not even begun to prepare. They live as though the day would last forever, and the night would never come. Will nothing arouse them to a sense of their folly and danger? There is no time for delay. To-day is the day of salvation, to-morrow may be too late.

FOR God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.—John iii, 17.

YET vile as he (man) was polluted and depraved as he was, he was remembered in mercy when he might have been eternally forgotten; he was beloved by his Maker when he might have been abhorred forever; he was befriended and saved when he might have been utterly forsaken.—NEWTON.



1. I know I love thee better, Lord, Than an - y earthly joy, For
2. I know that thou art nearer still, Than an - y earthly throng, And
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then well may I be glad! With
4. O, Saviour, precious Saviour mine! What will thy presence be, If



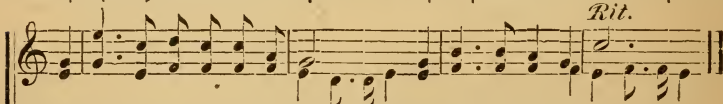
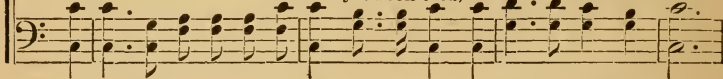
thou hast given me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
 sweet - er is the thought of thee Than an - y love - ly song.
 out the secret of thy love I could not but be sad.
 such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with thee?



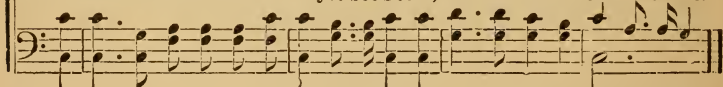
CHORUS.



The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free;
 yet been told,



The half has never yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.
 yet been told, cleanseth me.



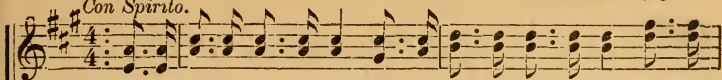
- 1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheering beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of peace,
 Beheld our helpless grief;
 He saw, and (O amazing love!)
 He flew to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
 With joyful haste he fled;
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O for this love, let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break;
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak,

87. Sailing o'er the Sea.

DUET

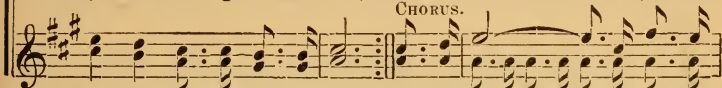
Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL, by per.

Con Spirito.



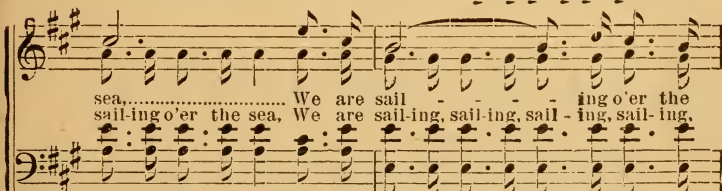
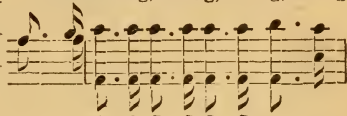
1. { We're a hap-py pilgrim band, Sailing to the good-ly land; With a
 2. { Tho' the tempest rag-es long, There is One among the throng Who will
 3. { When the mighty billows swell, With the sav'd it shall be well, Tho' the
 4. { Rolling waves shall not o'erwhelm, For we've Jesus at the helm, And he'll
- Tho' for man-y a - ges past She has brav'd the stormy blast. She's the
Safe a - mid the rocks and shoals, She has landed many souls, Safe at
Hol ye sinners, hear to-day, There is dan - ger in your way, By the
There is danger underneath, And a-bove a storm of wrath, And the

CHORUS.

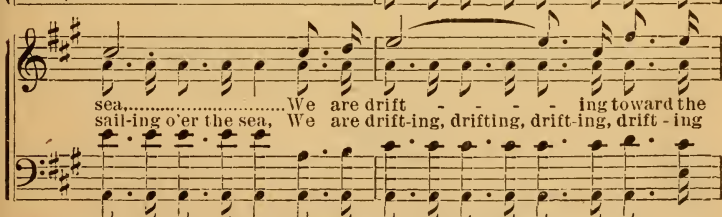


swell - ing sail we onward sweep;
guide the sail-or o'er the deep.
break-ers roar up-on the lea;
guide us safe-ly o'er the sea.
old ship of Zion as of yore;
home on Canaan's hap - py shore.
chart of fol - ly you are led;
rocks of destruction just a-head.

We are sail.....ing o'er the
We are sailing, sailing, sailing, sailing



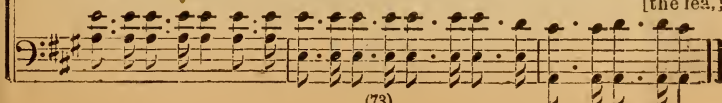
sea,..... We are sail - ing o'er the
sail-ing o'er the sea, We are sail-ing, sail-ing, sail - ing, sail-ing.



sea,..... We are drift - ing toward the
sail-ing o'er the sea, We are drift-ing, drifting, drift-ing, drift - ing



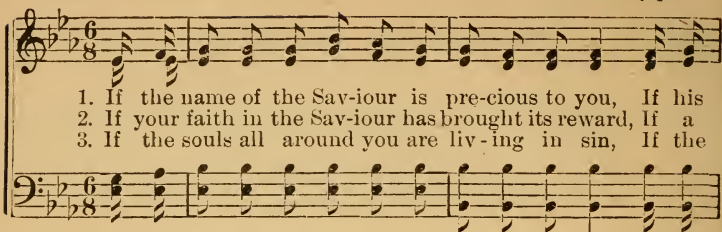
lea,..... We are drift - ing toward the lea,.....
drifting t'ward the lea, We are drifting, drifting, drifting, drifting, drifting t'ward
[the lea,;



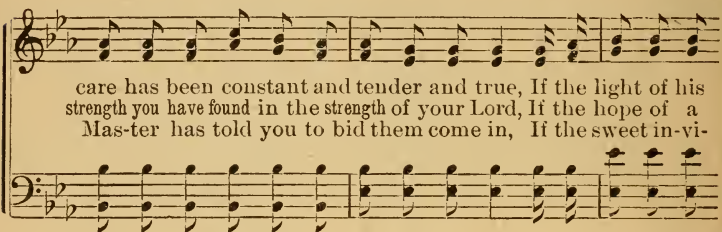
Tell it To-day.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

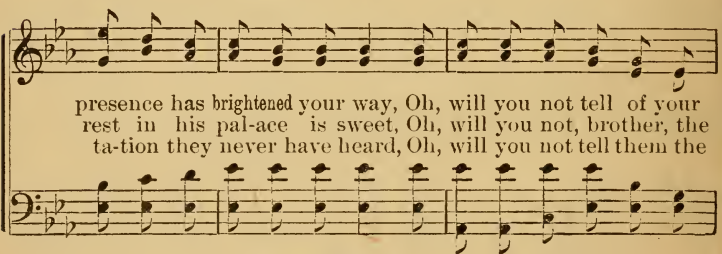
J. H. FILLMORE. By per.



1. If the name of the Sav-iour is pre-cious to you, If his
 2. If your faith in the Sav-iour has brought its reward, If a
 3. If the souls all around you are liv-ing in sin, If the

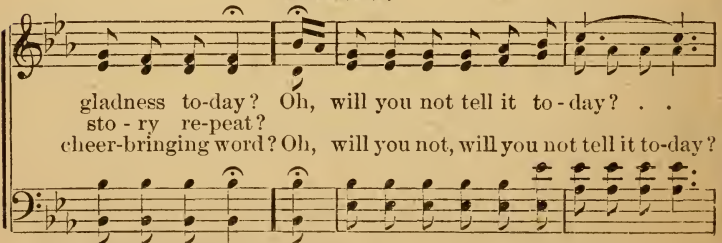


care has been constant and tender and true, If the light of his
 strength you have found in the strength of your Lord, If the hope of a
 Mas-ter has told you to bid them come in, If the sweet in-vi-



presence has brightened your way, Oh, will you not tell of your
 rest in his pal-ace is sweet, Oh, will you not, brother, the
 ta-tion they never have heard, Oh, will you not tell them the

REFRAIN.



gladness to-day? Oh, will you not tell it to-day? . . .
 sto-ry re-peat?
 cheer-bringing word? Oh, will you not, will you not tell it to-day?

Copyright, 1887, by Fillmore Bros.

Tell it To-day. Concluded.

Will you not tell it to-day? . . . If the light of his
Will you not, will you not tell it to-day?

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in the Treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the Bass clef. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

presence has brightened your way, Oh, will you not tell it to-day?

The musical score continues on two staves. It includes a 'Rit.' (Ritardando) marking above the Treble staff. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

89 The Lord is My Shepherd.

(CHANT.)

LOWELL MASON.

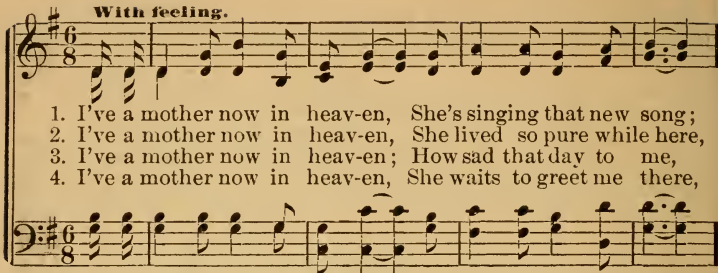
A-men.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key of two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is in the Treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the Bass clef. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

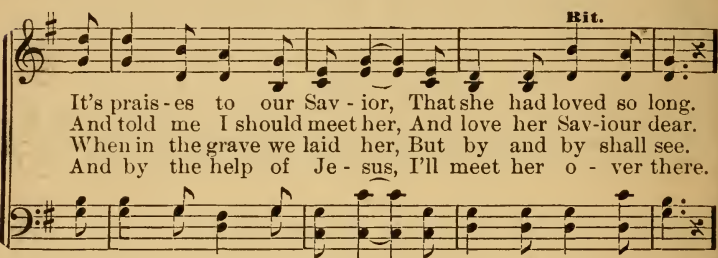
1. The Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall not | want; || he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the | still— | waters.
2. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's— | sake. || Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy | staff, they | comfort me.
3. Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup runneth | over. || Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for— | ever. || Amen.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

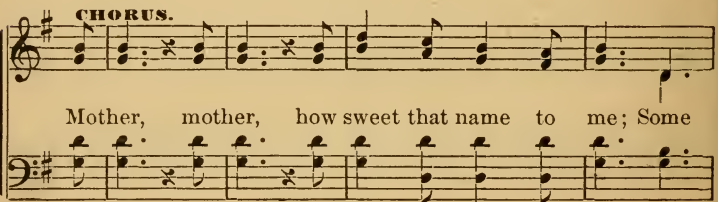
REV. J. H. WEBER.

With feeling.


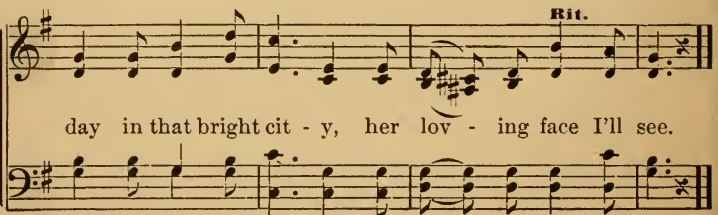
1. I've a mother now in heav-en, She's singing that new song;
 2. I've a mother now in heav-en, She lived so pure while here,
 3. I've a mother now in heav-en; How sad that day to me,
 4. I've a mother now in heav-en, She waits to greet me there,

Rit.


It's prais-es to our Sav-ior, That she had loved so long.
 And told me I should meet her, And love her Sav-iour dear.
 When in the grave we laid her, But by and by shall see.
 And by the help of Je-sus, I'll meet her o-ver there.

CHORUS.


Mother, mother, how sweet that name to me; Some

Rit.


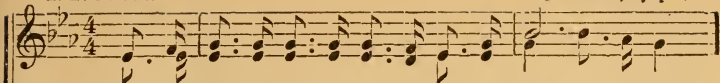
day in that bright cit-y, her lov-ing face I'll see.

Copyright, 1892, by Rev. J. H. Weber.

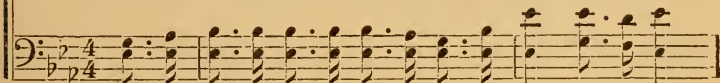
If You Will.

H. H. BRIGGS.

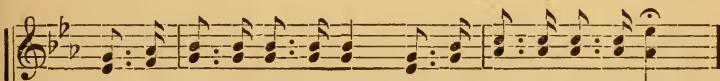
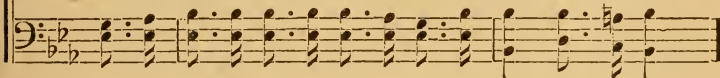
J. WHITE, by per.



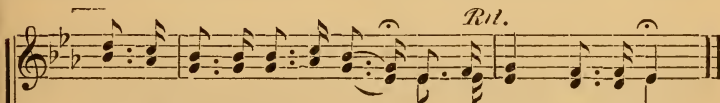
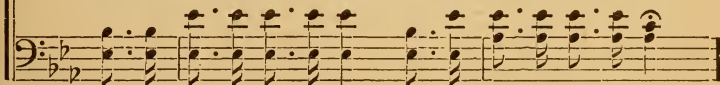
1. You can have your sins for-giv-en, If you will, if you will!
2. You can love the blessed Saviour If you will, if you will!
3. You can be an heir of glo - ry If you will, if you will!
4. You can sing in heav'n for-ev - er, If you will, if you will!



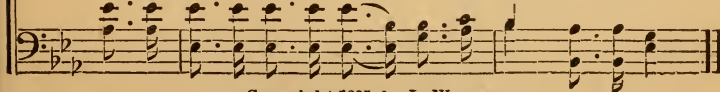
You can turn your steps t'ward heaven If you will, if you will!
 Hon - or him with your be-ha - vior, If you will, if you will!
 Tell to some "the old, old sto - ry," If you will, if you will!
 Meet your friends beyond the riv - er, If you will, if you will!



You can be a Christian brave; You can hon-or God who gave
 You can to the Fa-ther pray, You can walk the shining way,
 You can be a Christian true, You can ev - er keep in view
 Man - y sheaves to glo - ry bring, As an humble off - er - ing,



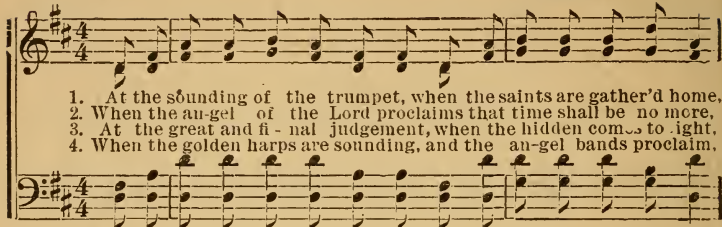
His dear Son your soul to save, If you will, if you will!
 Lay up treasures ev - ery day, If you will, if you will!
 What the Saviour did for you, If you will, if you will!
 When you come before the King, If you will, if you will!



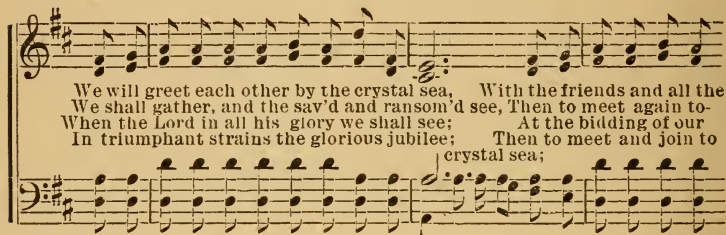
Copyright 1885, by L. WHITE.

J. H. K.

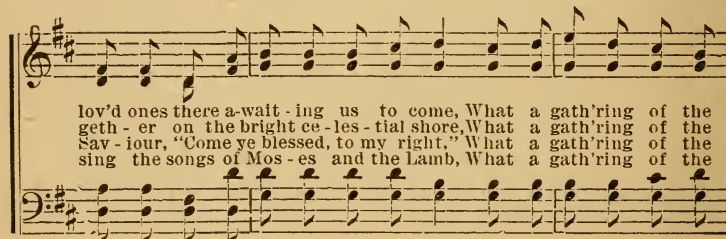
J. H. KURZENENABE by per.



1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd home,
2. When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more,
3. At the great and fi-nal judgement, when the hidden comes to light,
4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the an-gel bands proclaim,



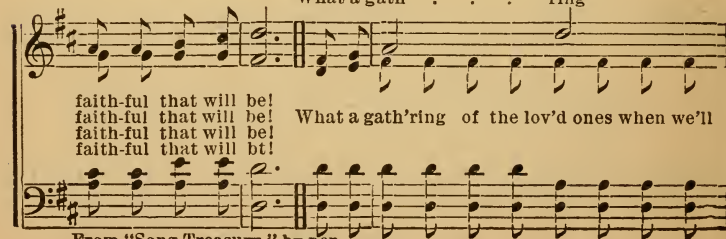
We will greet each other by the crystal sea, With the friends and all the
 We shall gather, and the sav'd and ransom'd see, Then to meet again to-
 When the Lord in all his glory we shall see; At the bidding of our
 In triumphant strains the glorious jubilee; Then to meet and join to
 crystal sea;



lov'd ones there a-wait-ing us to come, What a gath'ring of the
 geth-er on the bright ce-les-tial shore, What a gath'ring of the
 Sav-iour, "Come ye blessed, to my right," What a gath'ring of the
 sing the songs of Mos-es and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the

CHORUS.

What a gath . . . 'ring



faith-ful that will be!
 faith-ful that will be! What a gath'ring of the lov'd ones when we'll
 faith-ful that will be!
 faith-ful that will be!

From "Song Treasury," by per.

What a Gath'ring That Will Be. Concluded.

gath - 'ring,

Meet with one another, At the sound-ing of the glo-rious ju - bl -

What a gath - - 'ring,

gath - - -

- lee! ju - bilee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the dear ones meet
[each

'ring,

oth - er, What a gath - 'ring of the faithful that will be!

93.

Duane Street.

REV. GEORGE COLES.

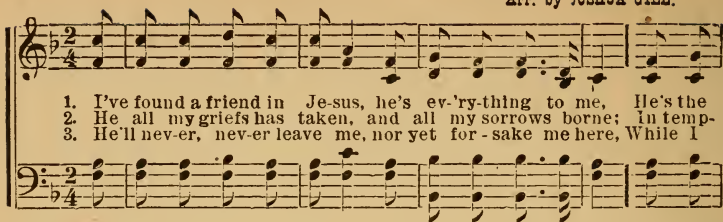
f

D. C. f

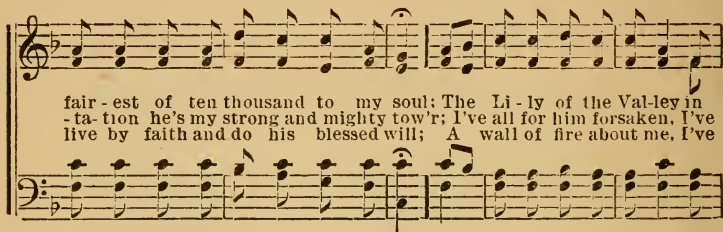
Praise God, from whom all blessings, flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

The Lily of the Valley.

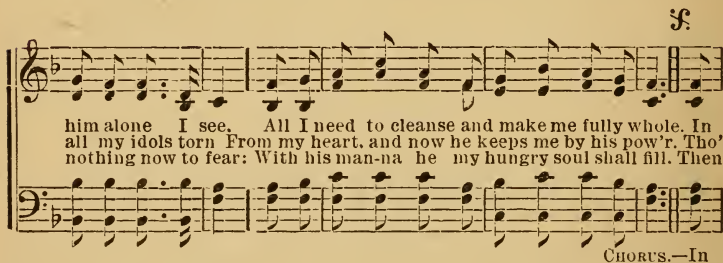
Arr. by JOSHUA GILL.



1. I've found a friend in Je-sus, he's ev-'ry-thing to me, He's the
 2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne; in temp-
 3. He'll nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I

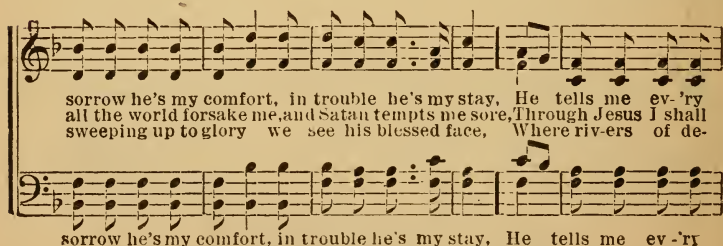


fair - est of ten thousand to my soul; The Li - ly of the Val - ley in
 - ta - tion he's my strong and mighty tow'r; I've all for him forsaken, I've
 live by faith and do his blessed will; A wall of fire about me, I've



him alone I see. All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole. In
 all my idols torn From my heart, and now he keeps me by his pow'r. Tho'
 nothing now to fear: With his man-na he my hungry soul shall fill. Then

CHORUS.—In

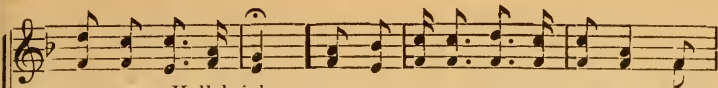


sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my stay, He tells me ev-'ry
 all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me sore, Through Jesus I shall
 sweeping up to glory we see his blessed face, Where riv-ers of de-

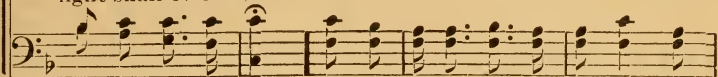
sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my stay, He tells me ev-'ry

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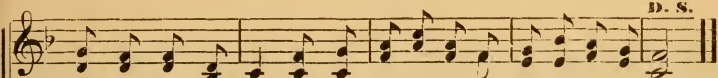
The Lily of the Valley. Concluded.



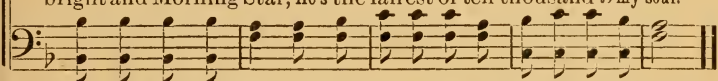
Hallelujah.
care on him to roll.
safe-ly reach the goal. He's the Li-ly of the Val-ley, the
light shall ev-er roll.



care on him to roll, He's the Li-ly of the Val-ley, the



bright and Morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.



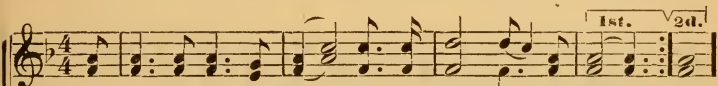
bright and Morning Star, He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul.

D. S.

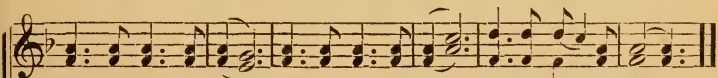
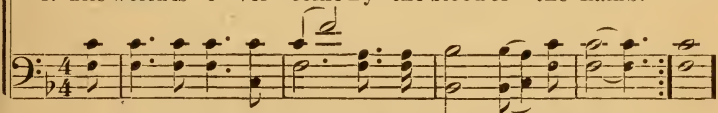
95

Glory to the Lamb.

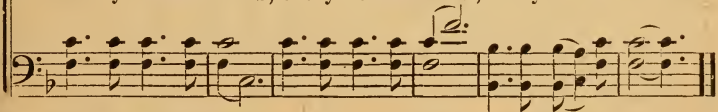
REV. B. W. GORHAM.



1. The world is o-ver-come By the blood of the Lamb.



Glo-ry to the Lamb, Glory to the Lamb, Glory to the Lamb.



2 My sins are washed away,
In the blood of the Lamb.

4 The martyrs overcame,
By the blood of the Lamb.

3 I've washed my garments white, 5
In the blood of the Lamb.

I soon shall gain the skies,
Through the blood of the Lamb.

We will Testify.

REV. JOHN O. FOSTER, A. M.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. By per.

1. By confess-ing we are sinners, We may hope to be forgiv'n;
 2. He has giv-en us as-sur-ance; Blessed be his ho-ly name,
 3. Here with fervent, ho-ly worship, With a willing heart we say,

For the par-don of the Saviour Can a-lone prepare for heav'n;
 He has purchased our redemption From the guilt of sin and shame;
 In the strongest con-so-la-tion, Jesus saves, and saves to-day;

If the blood so free-ly offered By the One who once was slain,
 And the sunlight of his presence Streams in glory o'er my soul,
 Then we'll testify with gladness, Loud his wondrous love proclaim,

Can a-tone for guilt-y mortals, And re-store to life a-gain.
 While the healing bal-m of sad-ness Pu-ri-fies and makes me whole.
 Sing the song of ad-o-ra-tion, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb.

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We will Testify. Concluded.

Then we'll tes - - - ti - fy a - gain,
Then we'll tes - ti - fy a - gain, a - gain, and once a - gain,

The first system of musical notation features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with a long note on 'ti' and a dotted line. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords.

We will tes - - - ti - fy a - gain;
We will tes - ti - fy a - gain, a - gain, and once a - gain;

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a long note on 'ti' and a dotted line. The bass staff continues with chords.

Then we'll tes - ti - fy with gladness, Loud his wondrous love proclaim,

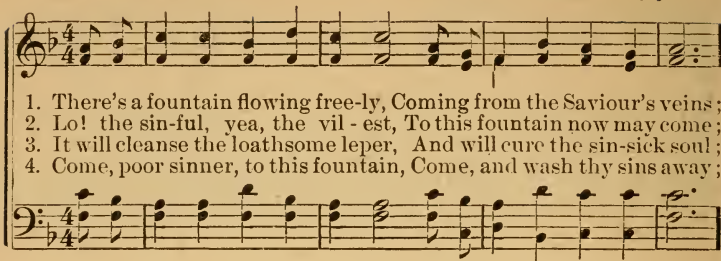
The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a long note on 'ti' and a dotted line. The bass staff continues with chords.

Sing the song of ad - o - ra - tion, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb.

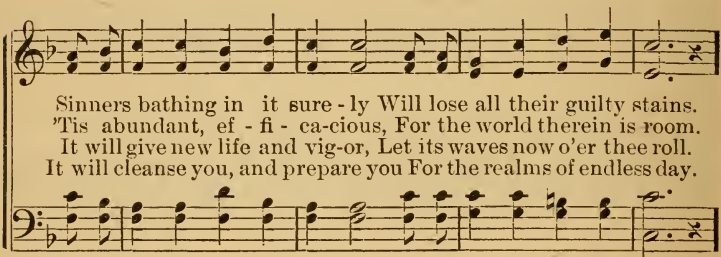
The fourth system concludes the piece. The treble staff has a long note on 'ti' and a dotted line. The bass staff continues with chords and ends with a double bar line.

REV. I. N. MCHOSE.

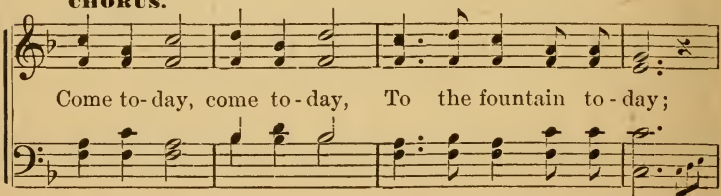
CHAS. H. GABRIEL. By per.



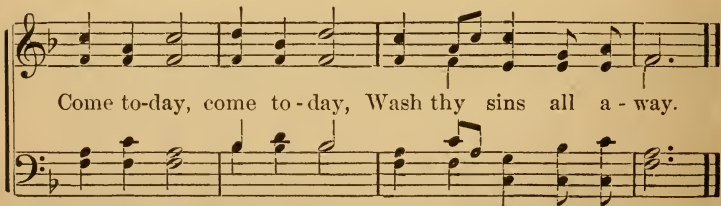
1. There's a fountain flowing free-ly, Coming from the Saviour's veins;
 2. Lo! the sin-ful, yea, the vil - est, To this fountain now may come;
 3. It will cleanse the loathsome leper, And will cure the sin-sick soul;
 4. Come, poor sinner, to this fountain, Come, and wash thy sins away;



Sinners bathing in it sure - ly Will lose all their guilty stains.
 'Tis abundant, ef - fi - ca-cious, For the world therein is room.
 It will give new life and vig-or, Let its waves now o'er thee roll.
 It will cleanse you, and prepare you For the realms of endless day.

CHORUS.


Come to-day, come to-day, To the fountain to-day;



Come to-day, come to-day, Wash thy sins all a-way.

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REV. JOHN O. FOSTER, A. M.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. By per.

1. Jesus, I pray, Guide me to-day, Keep me thro' life in the blessed highway;
 2. Close to thy side I would abide, Resting my soul in the true and the tried;
 3. Life has its cares, Many the snares, Trials and sorrows have come unawares;

Pure in thy sight, Strong in thy might, Lead me to glory for - ev - er to stay.
 Safe in thy love, Joys I would prove, Saved by the grace of the Saviour who died.
 Yet in the Lord, Trusting his word, We shall be victors in answer to pray'rs.

CHORUS.

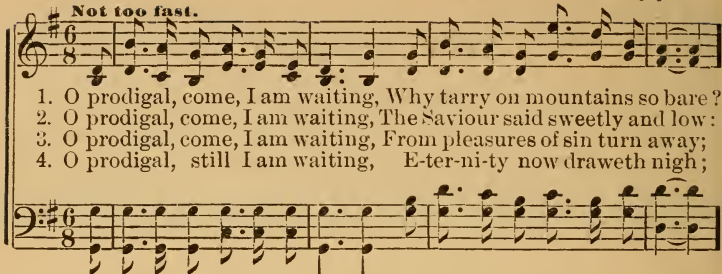
Guide . . me to-day, . . . Je - sus, I pray, . .
 Guide me to-day, Jesus, I pray, Guide me to-day, Jesus, I pray,

Guide . . . me to-day, . . . Je - sus, I pray.
 Guide me to-day, Jesus, I pray, Guide me, Jesus,

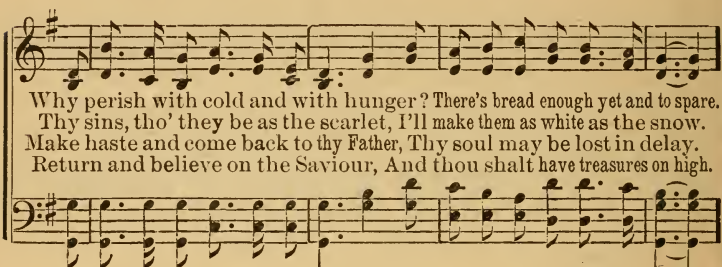
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E. C. A.

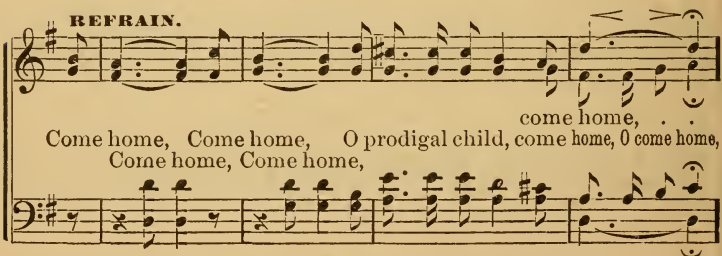
E. C. AVIS. By per.

Not too fast.


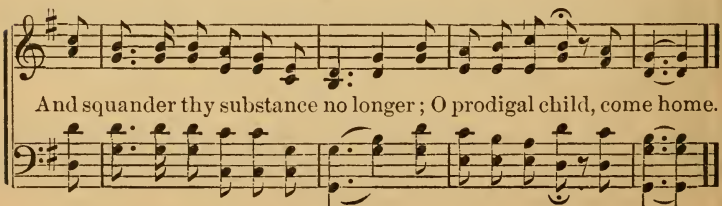
1. O prodigal, come, I am waiting, Why tarry on mountains so bare ?
 2. O prodigal, come, I am waiting, The Saviour said sweetly and low :
 3. O prodigal, come, I am waiting, From pleasures of sin turn away ;
 4. O prodigal, still I am waiting, E-ter-ni-ty now draweth nigh ;



Why perish with cold and with hunger ? There's bread enough yet and to spare.
 Thy sins, tho' they be as the scarlet, I'll make them as white as the snow.
 Make haste and come back to thy Father, Thy soul may be lost in delay.
 Return and believe on the Saviour, And thou shalt have treasures on high.

REFRAIN.


come home, . . .
 Come home, Come home, O prodigal child, come home, O come home,
 Come home, Come home,



And squander thy substance no longer ; O prodigal child, come home.

REV. I. N. WILSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

1. { While we bow in thy name, Oh, meet us a-gain, Fill our
May the Spir-it of grace, And the smiles of thy face, Gently

D. S. *light streaming down makes the pathway all clear, It is*

Fine. REFRAIN.
hearts with the light of thy love ; } It is good to be here, it is
fall on us now from a - bove. }
good for us, Lord, to be here.

D. S.
good to be here, Thy perfect love now drives away all our fear, And

2 Our souls long for thee ;
Oh, may we now see
A sin-cleansing blood-wave appear ;
And feel, as it rolls
In power o'er our souls,
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

Copyright, 1879, by Jno. R. Sweney.

3 Thou art with us, we know ;
We feel the sweet flow [tide ;
Of the sin-cleansing wave's gladd'ning
We are washed from our sin,
Made all holy within,
And in Jesus we sweetly abide.

:Ol

Oh, How Happy are They.

Tune and Chorus above.

1 Oh, how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey, [above ;
And have laid up their treasures
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

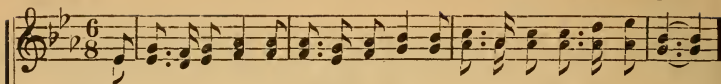
2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received thro' the blood of the Lamb ;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received—
What a heaven in Jesus' name !

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

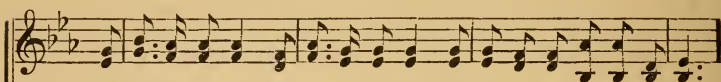
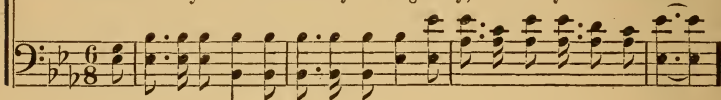
4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song ;
Oh, that all his salvation might see :
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

J. M. W.

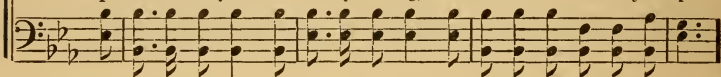
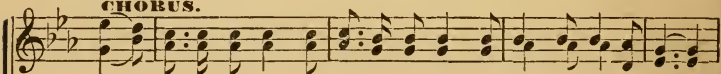
J. M. WHITE. By per.



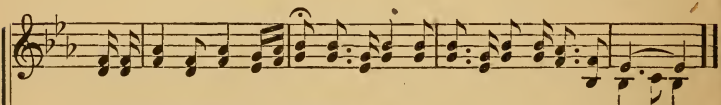
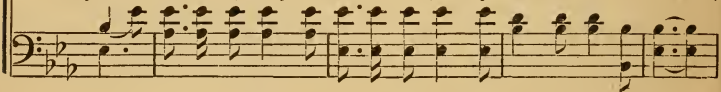
1. Come, sinner, behold what Jesus hath done, Behold how he suffered for thee:
2. From heaven he came, he loved you—he died: Such love as his never was known;
3. No pitying eye, a saving arm, none, He saw us and pitied us then;
4. They crucified him, and yet he forgave, "My Father, forgive them," he cried,
5. So what will you do with Jesus your King? Say, how will you meet him at last?



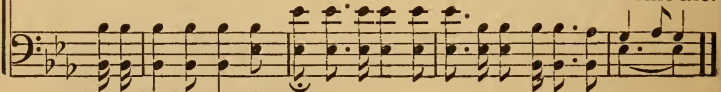
They crucified him, God's innocent Son, Forsaken he died on the tree!
 Behold, on the cross your King crucified, To make you an heir to his throne!
 Alone in the fight the vict'ry he won; O praise him, ye children of men.
 What must he have borne the sinner to save, When under the burden he died!
 What plea in the day of wrath will you bring, When offers of mercy are past?

**CHORUS.**

They crucified him, they crucified him, They nailed him to the tree,



And so there he died, A King crucified To save a poor sinner like me,
 like me.



We'll Never Say Good-by.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly,
 2. How joyful is the tho't that lingers, When lov'd ones cross death's sea,
 3. No parting words shall e'er be spoken In that bright land of flow'rs,

Yet ever comes the tho't of sadness That we must say good-by.
 That when our labors here are ended, With them we'll ever be.
 But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, Shall evermore be ours.

CHORUS.

We'll never say good-by in heav'n, We'll never say good-by (good-by),

Repeat Chorus pp.

For in that land of joy and song We'll never say good-by.

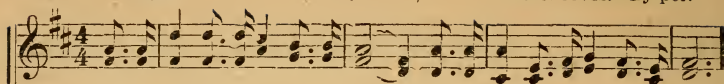
Copyright, 1889, by John J. Hood. By per.

Linger Not.

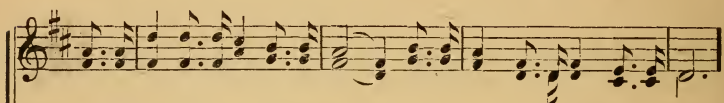
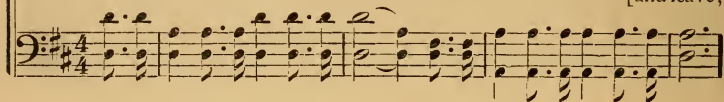
M. P. FERGUSON.

(Gen. 19: 17.)

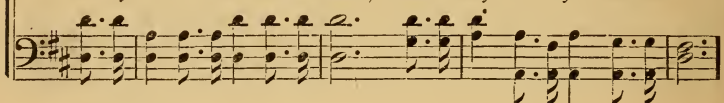
E. C. AVIS. By per.



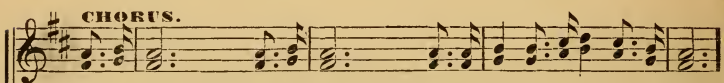
1. Thine in-i-quity swells like the tide, And the day of his vengeance is come ;
2. Oh, escape to the mountain of God; Linger not on the storm-cover'd plain;
3. There are lov'd ones who stay with the lost, There are treasures to think of
[and leave;



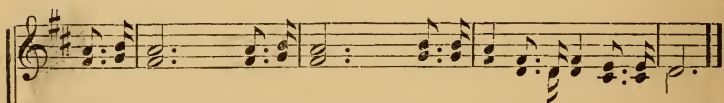
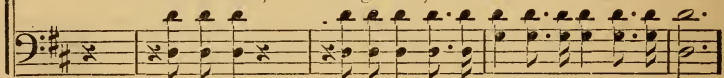
Canst thy spirit his coming a-bide? Canst thou bear the impenitent's doom?
For the cloud of his wrath spreads abroad, And 'tis death to thy soul to remain.
But thy soul is of in - fin - ite cost, Break a-way from thy i - dols and live.



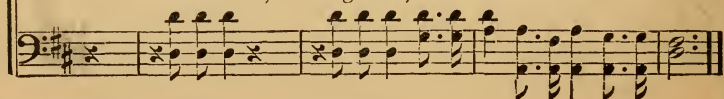
CHORUS.



Precious soul, lin-ger not, Linger not on the storm-cover'd plain;
Precious soul, linger not,



Precious soul, linger not, Or thy life will be lost with the slain.
Precious soul, linger not,



JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE. By per.

SOLO.

1. Back from the Long Ago, Distant and dim, Breathing a warning low,
 2. Oft in an hour of bliss Comes the refrain, Bidding me find in this,
 3. Thus let me daily rise Nearer thy throne, Nearer the lasting prize

Comes a sweet hymn; Fraught with my childhood dreams, Is it for me;
 Heav - en - ly gain; E'en in my griefs I say: Fa - ther, I flee
 Kept for thine own; E'en when Death's heralds come, Lord, may they be

Slower.**CHORUS. Tempo.**

Sacred and tender seems, "Nearer to thee;"—"Still all my song shall be
 Out of this clouded way, Nearer to thee;—"So by my woes to be
 Angels to lead me home, Nearer to thee;—"An-gels to beckon me,

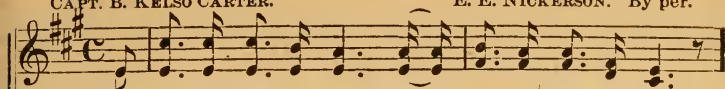
Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee."

Copyright, 1887, by Fillmore Bros.

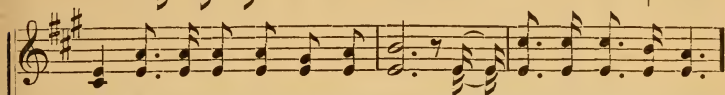
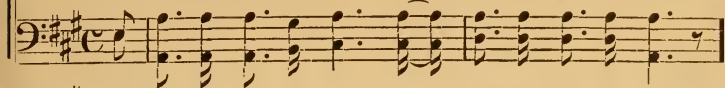
Where the Living Waters Flow.

CAPT. B. KELSO CARTER.

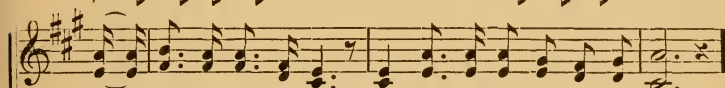
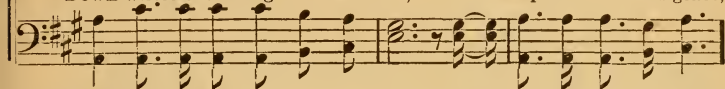
E. E. NICKERSON. By per.



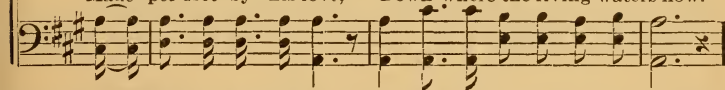
1. Rest to the wea - ry soul And ach-ing breast is given,
 2. For thee, my soul, for thee These priceless joys were bought,
 3. And soon, be-fore his face, We'll praise in light a - bove,



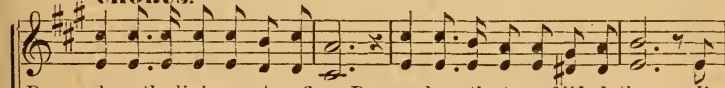
Down where the living wa-ters flow; Grace makes the wounded whole,
 Down where the living wa-ters flow; Thine is the mer-cy free,
 Down where the living wa-ters flow; Tri - umphant thro' his grace,



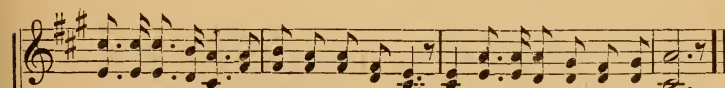
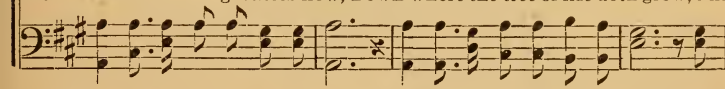
Love fills our heart with heaven, Down where the living waters flow.
 That Christ to earth has brought, Down where the living waters flow.
 Made per-fect by his love, Down where the living waters flow.



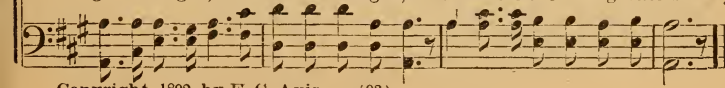
CHORUS.



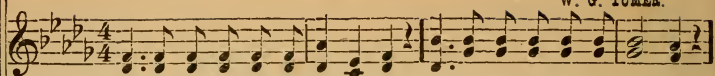
Down where the living waters flow, Down where the tree of life doth grow, I'm



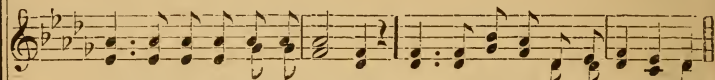
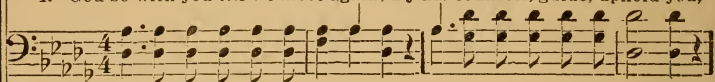
living in the light, for Jesus now I fight, Down where the living waters flow.



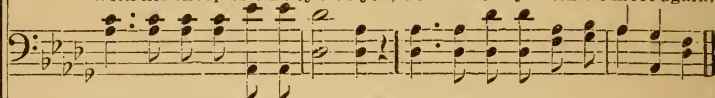
W. G. TOMER.



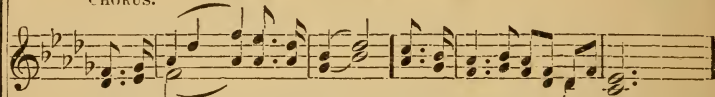
1. God be with you till we meet again; By his counsels, guide, uphold you,



With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet again.



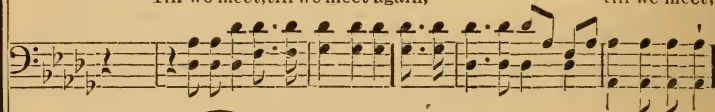
CHORUS.



Till we meet,..... Till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;

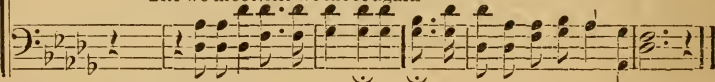
Till we meet, till we meet again,

till we meet;



Till we meet,..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

Till we meet, till we meet again



2 God be with you till we meet again.

'Neath his wings securely hide you;

Daily manna still divide you.

God be with you till we meet again.

CHO.—Till we meet, etc.

3 God be with you till we meet again.

When life's perils thick confound you;

Put his arms unfailing round you,

God be with you till we meet again.

CHO.—Till we meet, etc.

4 God be with you till we meet again.

Keep love's banner floating o'er you:

Smite death's threatening wave be-
fore you,

God be with you till we meet again.

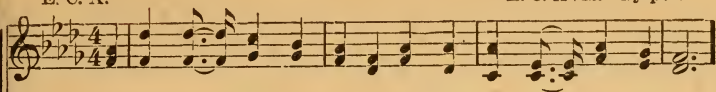
CHO.—Till we meet, etc.

Rev. J. E. Rankin.

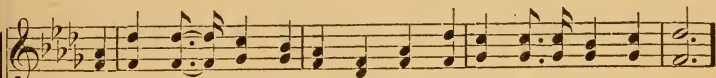
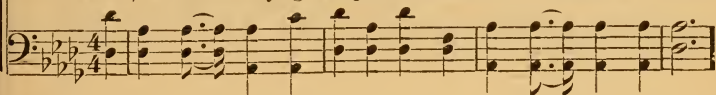
By permission of REV. J. E. RANKIN.

E. C. A.

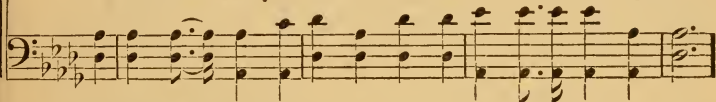
E. C. AVIS. By per.



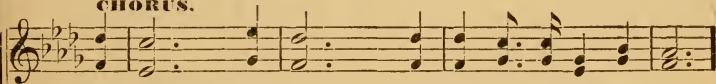
1. Go work in the harvest of the Lord, And let thy sheaves abound,
2. The work is great, the lab'ers few, Go spread the news around;
3. Go work, while the daylight lingers, work; Toil on till the crown is won,



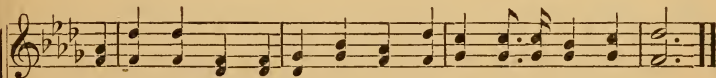
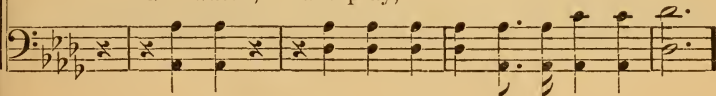
Nor stop 'mid the burning heat to rest, But work till the sun goes down.
No longer say there's nought to do, But work till the sun goes down.
And in the vineyard of the Lord Rest not till the sun goes down.



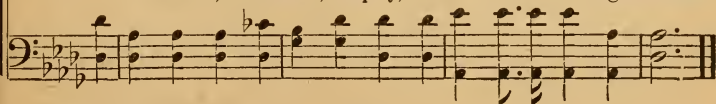
CHORUS.



Go work go work Go work till the sun goes down.
and watch, and pray,



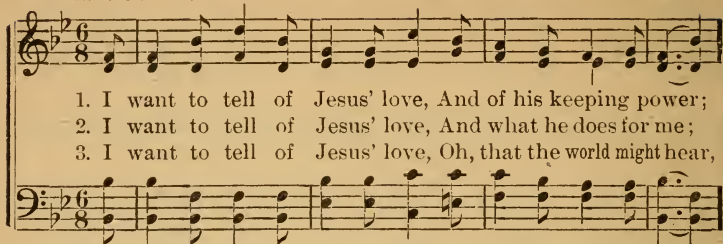
Go forth and work, and watch, and pray, Go work till the sun goes down.



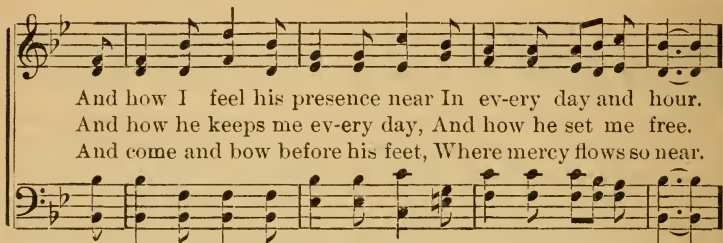
I Want to Tell of Jesus' Love.

MRS. ELNORA WHITMORE.

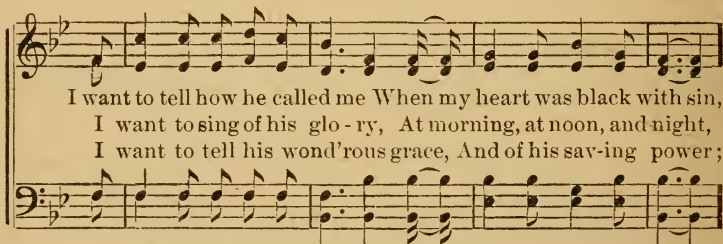
REV. J. H. WEBER.



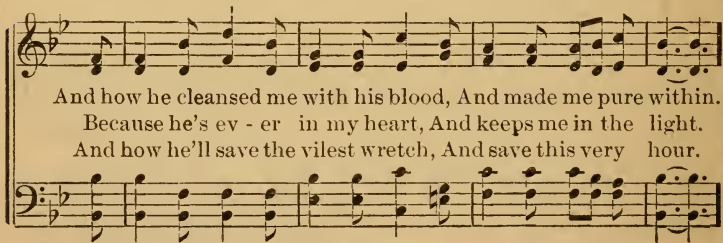
1. I want to tell of Jesus' love, And of his keeping power;
 2. I want to tell of Jesus' love, And what he does for me;
 3. I want to tell of Jesus' love, Oh, that the world might hear,



And how I feel his presence near In ev-ery day and hour.
 And how he keeps me ev-ery day, And how he set me free.
 And come and bow before his feet, Where mercy flows so near.



I want to tell how he called me When my heart was black with sin,
 I want to sing of his glo-ry, At morning, at noon, and night,
 I want to tell his wond'rous grace, And of his sav-ing power;



And how he cleansed me with his blood, And made me pure within.
 Because he's ev - er in my heart, And keeps me in the light.
 And how he'll save the vilest wretch, And save this very hour.

Copyright, 1892, by Rev. J. H. Weber.

I Want to Tell of Jesus' Love. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is my Sav - iour, Je - sus is my guide; My
help in all dark pla - ces, And ev - er by my side.

The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Bass) and piano accompaniment. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the staves.

A TRAP FOR BOYS.

At a meeting in Philadelphia, during the week of prayer, one of the speakers related this incident:

"A lad was approached by one of those dispensers of that which deprives men of their property, and destroys both body and soul, who solicited him to come into his place of destruction and take a glass of lemonade. The boy hesitated, but on being assured that he would get nothing but a glass of nice, sweet lemonade, he was induced to go in. Sure enough, he was offered and partook of what had been promised him, and nothing more. This was repeated several times, till at length the trap having been set, it was now time to spring it. Accordingly, the rumseller began his work by dropping into the glass of lemonade one drop of strong liquor, increasing it so as thus imperceptibly to form in the lad a taste for it. As the boy never paid for his drinks, one of the old customers of the place asked the landlord why he so favored the boy. He replied by pointing and saying: 'Do you see that fine mansion upon the hill yonder? That belongs to the boy's father, and will probably soon belong to him, and then in turn it may belong to me.'"

ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?

My dear friend, have you ever wondered if you were a Christian? You ought to have no doubts about this *very important matter*. Do you feel that there is a personal indwelling of Christ in your heart as spoken of by the apostle when he says: "Christ in you, the hope of glory?" Christ dwells in the heart of every Christian; and the personal presence of Christ with us is that which gives us a strong hope of glory. If his Spirit is not with you, it is because your life, your very heart, is so filled with the world, and the flesh, and the evil one himself, that there is no room for Jesus. If you look into your heart and ask why you hope for eternal life, you have no ground in yourself, for you are full of imperfections, and for anything you have in yourself you have no claim to a glorious immortality; but if Christ be in you, then, through him, you have hope, for he overcame death and the grave. If he dwells in you, then you shall also overcome death and the grave. Hasten to empty the heart of everything and invite the Saviour to come in and guide you safely home.

A. P. COBB.

J. H. FILLMORE.

A. T. COBB. J. H. FLEMING.

1. Have you touched the garments of the Ho - ly One? Are you
2. Are you walk-ing dai - ly with your Lord in view? Are you
3. Are you bring-ing sin - ners to the sin-ner's Friend? Does your

washed in the soul-cleansing tide? Are your sins for-giv-en? Do you
close to his dear, wounded side? Do you love your Saviour? Do you
life tell of Je-sus who died? Do you have the Spir-it? Do you

hope for heav-en Thro' the blood of the Christ cru - ci - fied ?
seek God's fa - vor Thro' the blood of the Christ cru - ci - fied ?
peace in - her - it Thro' the blood of the Christ cru - ci - fied ?

CHORUS.

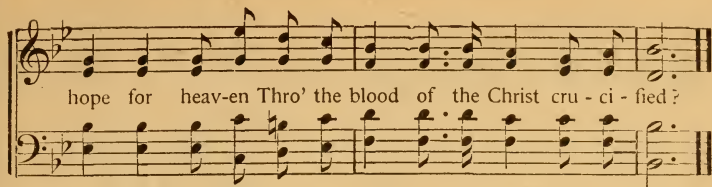
CHORUS.

Thro' the blood, cleansing blood, Thro' the
Thro' the blood, cleansing blood,

The image shows a musical score for a chorus. It consists of two staves, a treble staff on top and a bass staff on the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first staff has the lyrics 'Thro' the blood, cleansing blood, Thro' the' and the second staff has 'Thro' the blood, cleansing blood,'. The music is in a simple, hymn-like style.

blood of the Christ cru - ci - fied! Are your sins for - giv - en? Do you

Through the Blood. Concluded.



A PASTORAL LETTER.

TO THE CHRISTIAN CONVERT.

You are very happy, no doubt, in possession of the peace of God, that comes from believing in Jesus. "He that believeth shall be saved," is a truth that you now realize. As a believer you are now filled with joy and satisfaction of mind, that you scarcely thought possible. All is so new and bright. Everything seems to have a tongue of praise for God, who loved us, and gave his Son to die, that we might be saved. The faces of friends, and even enemies, and all the surrounding scenery, is clothed with light and beauty. How changed does everything appear! You have truly passed from darkness to light—from death into life. "Saved through the blood of the Lamb" is the thought that fills your mind. This change is not in the outward things that you behold, it is all within. The Sun of Righteousness has arisen in your soul, pouring upon you his healing and enlightening rays. The glory that you behold around you is but the reflection of the happiness you have within. The language of your heart is:

"Jesus all the day long,
Is my joy and my song;
O! that all his salvation might see."

In this happy state may you ever live. But remember, that as long as you are in the world, you will be a subject of temptation. Sore temptations and trials perhaps await you. When they come be not discouraged. Jesus is your friend and will not forsake you. He will surely help you, if you look to him. It is no sin to be tempted; nor evidence that God has forsaken you, when dark clouds come over the mind. If you are conscious that you have not offended Him, you should trust Him with perfect confidence, for He loves you just the same as when He is pouring into your soul the glory of His presence. These things are for your good. Therefore accept them as coming from the hands of a loving Father, who is seeking to make you strong and useful in His service.

Should you give way in the hour of strong temptation, let me exhort you to repent of it instantly. Do not wait. It will please Satan if you wait, but displease the Saviour and imperil your soul. Repent at once. Jesus was tempted, and sympathizes with you. He is your friend; look upon him as such, and he will not disappoint you. Remember Peter: when he sinned, he went out and wept bitterly, and was forgiven. There is in I John, 1st Chap. and 9th verse, a most precious promise: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Commit this promise to memory, and if you fall, go with it and your sin right to Jesus; repent of it and believe His word, that He does forgive you, for His word is true.

Learn to live by faith and not by sight. The Bible says: "The just shall live by faith." It also exhorts us to "walk by faith, and not by sight." This is the true Christian life. In a life of faith we are not governed by our feelings; they are uncertain and ever changing. We can no more control them than the little child can the bright sunbeams that it vainly tries to gather up. But not so with faith; this is an act of our own, and under our command. Believe in Jesus all the time—every moment. Commit to Him your happiness, peace, prosperity—all. Abandon yourself to Him and accept everything as coming from His hands. Faith is not a struggle, or straining of the mind, but a simple resting on God's word; as gentle as the act of breathing, and as constant and necessary.

Aim to be holy. In everything seek to please God. Let this be the habit of your life. On every proper occasion bear faithful testimony to the power of Jesus to save you. Form the habit of daily reading a portion of God's word. Feed upon it. Have a small, well bound Bible for this purpose. Never neglect secret prayer; and if you are the head of a family, have the family altar erected by all means. Attend the various means of grace: the Sabbath services, prayer and class meetings. Begin at once to contribute of your means to support the cause of God. Let it be done regularly. Have a system in giving. This is the true way. Give gladly, as unto the Lord, and you will never regret it.

Let the world go, and Jesus will be to you a satisfying portion. He will fill you as no earthly joy can. Think of the glory that awaits you at the coming of our Lord, and the everlasting joy of heaven. Be ambitious to save all the souls you can, and have the crown that you are to wear forever, all bedecked with shining stars.

REV. J. H. PAYRAN.

I'll Enter the Open Door.

A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

Moderato.

1. I have longed for the bliss of pardon, And sighed to be cleansed from sin,
 2. I will trust tho' I walk in darkness, And pray till the light I see,
 3. I have longed for the bliss of pardon, And sighed to be cleansed from sin,

And I know if I come be-liev-ing My Saviour will let me in.
 For the blood that will cleanse the vilest Will surely avail for me.
 And I knock at the door, be-liev-ing That Je-sus will let me in.

For the door of his love is o-pen, He waiteth for those who seek,
 I have on-ly the plea to of-fer, That Je-sus for me has died,
 Oh, the faith in my soul grows stronger, I tremble with fear no more,

But I tremble with fear and doubting, Oh, why is my faith so weak?
 And with only my heart to give him, I haste to his blessed side.
 'Tis my Saviour that bids me welcome, I'll enter the o-pen door.

I'll Enter the Open Door. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I'll en-ter the open door, I'll enter the open door,
wide open door, wide open door,

'Tis Je-sus invites, I'll en-ter in, I'll en-ter the o-pen door.

113

'Tis the Old Time Religion.

Old Folks.

Arr. by P. BILHORN.

CHOR. 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion,
1. It was good for our fathers, It was good for our mothers,
2. Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y, Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y,
3. It will save a poor, lost sinner, It will save a poor, lost sinner,

'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And 'tis good e-nough for me.
It was good for our brothers, And 'tis good enough for me.
Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y, And 'tis good enough for me.
It will save a poor, lost sinner, And 'tis good enough for me.

4 :||: It was good for the prophet Daniel, :||: 5 :||: It will do when we are dying, :||:
And 'tis good enough for me. And 'tis good enough for me.

Some Mother's Child.

MRS FRANCIS L. KEELER.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

Andante.

1. At home or a-way, in the al - ley or street,
 2. And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled,
 3. No mat - ter how far from the right she hath strayed,
 4. No mat - ter how way - ward his foot-steps have been,
 5. That head hath been pil - lowed on some ten - der breast;

Wher - ev - er I chance in this wide world to meet
 Whose hearts have grown hard - ened, whose spir - its are cold,
 No mat - ter what in - roads dis - hon - or hath made;
 No mat - ter how deep he is sunk - en in sin;
 That form hath been wept o'er, those lips have been pressed,

A girl that is thoughtless or boy that is wild, My
 Be it wo - man, all fall - en, or man all de - filed, A
 No mat - ter what el - e - ments cankered the pearl; Tho'
 No mat - ter how low is his standard of joy; Tho'
 That soul hath been prayed for in tones sweet and mild; For

heart echoes soft - ly, 'Tis some mother's child, (some mother's child,
 voice whispers sad - ly, Ah! some mother's child, (some mother's child,
 tarnished and sul - lied, she's some mother's girl, (some mother's girl,
 guilt - y and loathsome, he's some mother's boy, (some mother's boy,
 her sake deal gent - ly with some mother's child, (some mother's child.

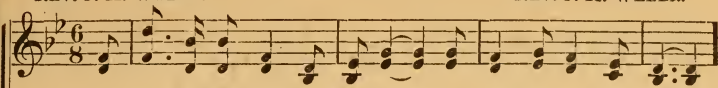
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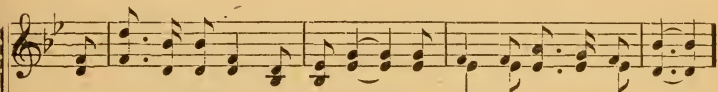
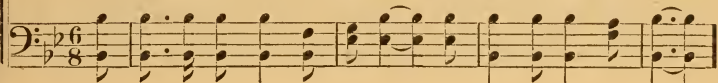
I Want to be Like the Saviour!

REV. J. H. WEBER.

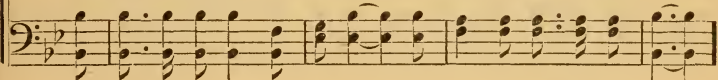
REV. J. H. WEBER.



1. I want to be like the Saviour, This Christ who died for sin!
2. I want to be like the Saviour, And have my heart made right!
3. I want to be like the Saviour, Whose life I do a - dore!



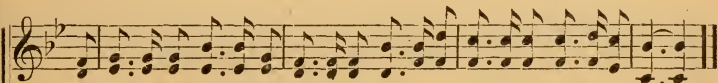
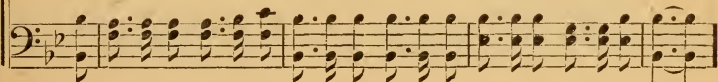
I want to be like the Saviour, Whose blood will cleanse me within!
 I want to be like the Sav-iour, And be pure within his sight!
 I'll give myself with all I have, To be his for ev - er - more!



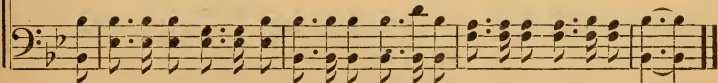
CHORUS.



I want to be like him, I want to be like him, I want to be like him to-day ;



I want to be like him, I want to be like him, I want to be like him to-day.



Copyright, 1887, by Rev. J. H. Weber.

Standing by the Cross.

ALLEN SHIRLEY. Ref. by A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend,
 2. Here I'll rest for-ev-er viewing, Mercy poured in streams of blood;
 3. Tru-ly bless-ed is this station, Low before his cross to lie,

Life, and health, and peace possessing, From the sinner's dying Friend.
 Precious drops my soul bedewing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
 While I see di-vine com-pas-sion Beaming in his gracious eye.

REFRAIN.

Standing by the cross, standing by the cross, Standing by the cross of Cal-va - ry;

Looking up to Christ, trust-ing in his love, Hop-ing in his mercy full and free.

Copyright, 1891, by A. J. Showalter.

They're All Taken Away.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

Arr. by REV. J. H. WEBER.

1. I came to Je - sus as I was, He took my sins a - way;
 2. The blood of Christ will make you white, And wash your sins a - way;
 3. Oh, do con-fess your sins to him, He will take them all away,

I put them all on Je-sus Christ, And now they're taken a - way.
 Oh, come and take him as your Lord, He will wash them all a - way.
 And then you'll shout and sing his praise, Because they're taken a - way.

CHORUS.

They're all taken a - way (away), They're all tak-en a - way (away),

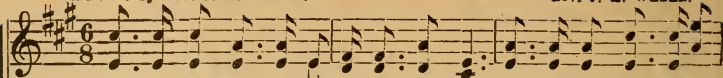
They're all taken a - way (away), My sins are all taken a - way.

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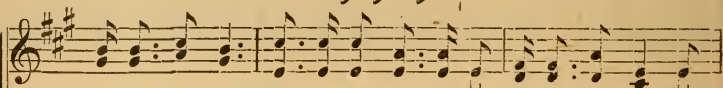
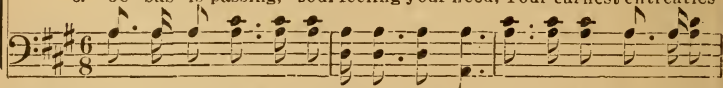
Jesus is Passing.

Words Arr. by Rev. J. H. WEBER.

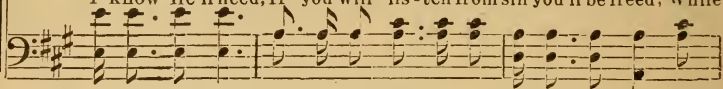
Rev. J. H. WEBER.



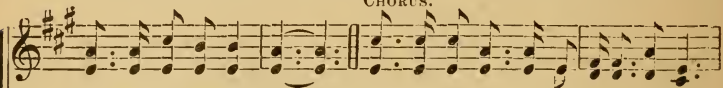
1. "Je - sus is passing," the blind man was told, Who by the wayside sat
2. Cry, son of David, "have mer - cy on me," O - pen my eyes, and from
3. "Je - sus is passing," soul feeling your need, Your earnest entreaties



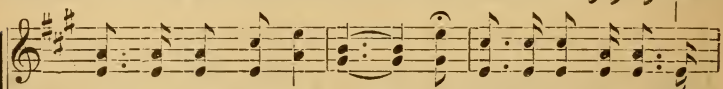
begging of old; Wish - ing that Je - sus his sight would un - fold, While
sin set me free; So that Thy beau - ty and glo - ry may see; While
I know He'll heed, If you will lis - ten from sin you'll be freed; While



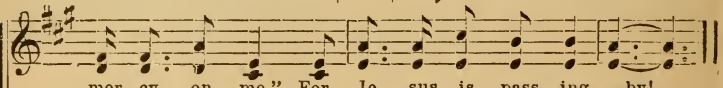
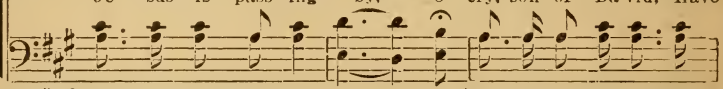
CHORUS.



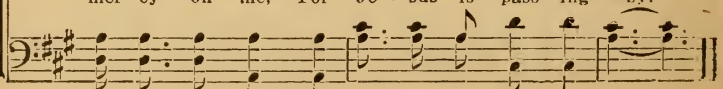
Je - sus is pass - ing by. } "Jesus is passing," He's passing this way,
Thou art now pass - ing by.
Je - sus is pass - ing by.



Je - sus is pass - ing by, O cry, son of Da - vid, "Have



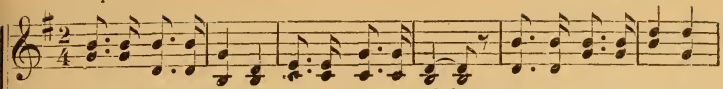
mer - cy on me," For Je - sus is pass - ing by!



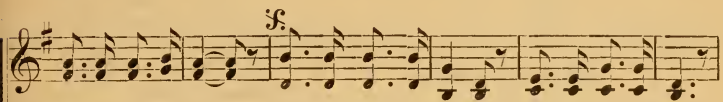
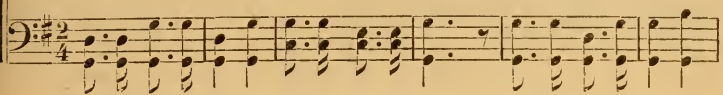
Little Reapers.

With spirit.

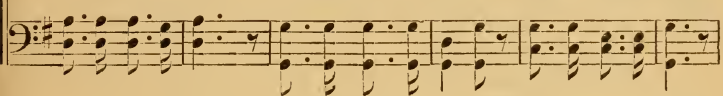
Rev. J. H. WEBER.



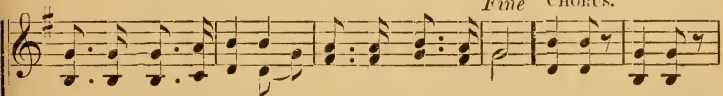
1. We are lit - tle reapers, Toiling thro' the day, Lab'ring in the harvest
2. We are lit - tle reapers, In the fields of sin, Striving for the Master
3. We are lit - tle reapers, In the harvest field. Truth and right the sickies



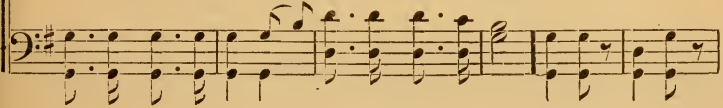
O'er the ston-y way; Gleaning 'mong the thistles, Searching thro' the rain,
Precious souls to win; Pointing them to Je-sus, To the Lamb of God;
That we there do wield; And we la - bor ev - er 'Neath our Father's eye,



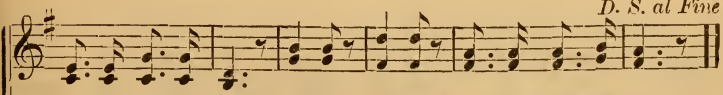
Fine CHORUS.



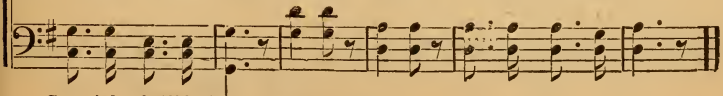
Fit - ting for the garner Bright and gold - en grain. }
Fol - low - ing His footsteps In the paths He trod. } Toiling, toiling,
Gath - er - ing the bright sheaves For the home on high. }



D. S. al Fine



toil - ing all the day, Toiling, toiling in this hap - py way.



REV. J. H. WEBER.

WILLIAM A. HUNTER, by per.

Con espress.

1. Some day in that bright home above, Around His blessed throne, I'll
 2. Some day, I'll see that great white throne, With angel bands so fair, I'll
 3. Some day, I'll see my mother's face; She taught my lips to pray; And

sing with Him forever there, In my im-mor-tal home. There
 walk the golden streets of life, Prepared for me o'er there. Some
 look to Him in ev'ry hour, To guide me in this way. How

life with joy is all complete, Its glo-ries are for me; I'll
 day, we'll clasp each other's hands, In that bright world above; Here
 glad we'll be that joyous hour, When loved ones we shall see, And

Some Day.—Concluded.

sing that new, that new sweet song, Through all e - ter - ni - ty. . . .
 pain and sorrow always comes; But yon - der all is love. . . .
 there to join in that sweet song; How hap - py we will be? . . .

CHORUS.

Oh, heav - en, how blessed is the place
 the place, blessed is the place, Where

from all care set free;
 set free; all care set free; No pain, no death, no sorrow

there
 there, no sor - row there All these prepared for me!
 for me! prepared for me!

Can a Boy Forget his Mother?

Dedicated to my friend Mrs. R. G. CHANDLER, Coldwater, Mich.

Music and Words by REV. J. H. WEBER.

1. Can a boy for-get his mother's prayer, When he has wandered, God knows
 2. Can a boy for-get his mother's face, Whose heart was kind and filled with
 3. Can a boy for-get his mother's door, From which he wandered years be-
 4. Can a boy for-get that she is dead, Though many years have passed and

where? It's down the path of death and shame But mother's prayers are heard the same!
 grace? Her loving voice it echoes sweet; She waits, she longs her boy to meet!
 fore? With tears and sighs she said, "Good-bye, Meet me, my boy, beyond the sky!"
 fled? Those tears, that prayer, that sweet "Good-bye;" She waits to welcome thee on high!

CHORUS.

Come back, my boy, come back, I say, And walk, yes, in thy mother's

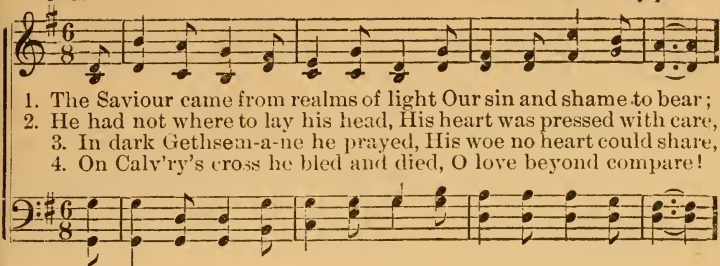
way! Come back, my boy, come back, I say, And walk, yes, in thy mother's way.

Copyrighted 1889, by REV. J. H. WEBER.

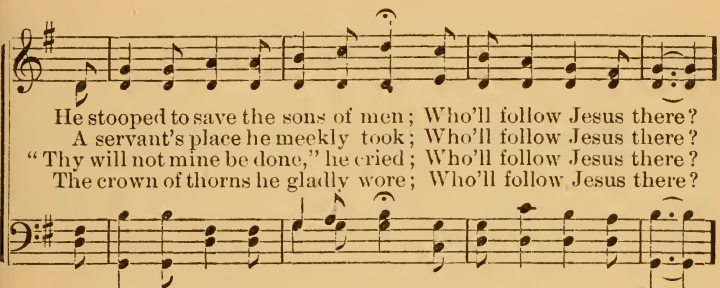
Who'll Follow Jesus There?

J. G.

JOSHUA GILL. By per.

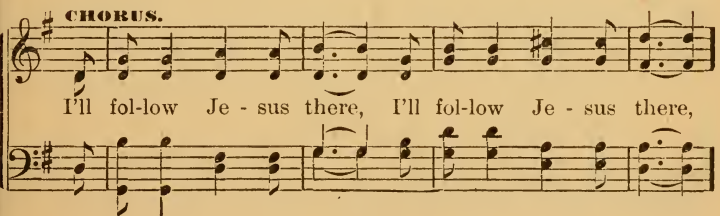


1. The Saviour came from realms of light Our sin and shame to bear;
 2. He had not where to lay his head, His heart was pressed with care,
 3. In dark Gethsem-a-ne he prayed, His woe no heart could share,
 4. On Calv'ry's cross he bled and died, O love beyond compare!

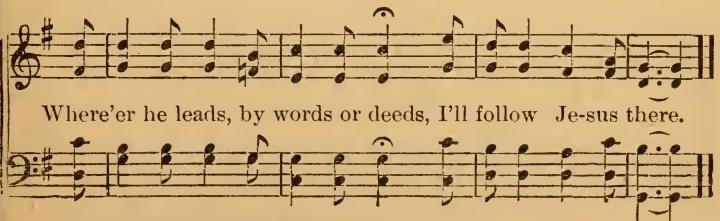


He stooped to save the sons of men; Who'll follow Jesus there?
 A servant's place he meekly took; Who'll follow Jesus there?
 "Thy will not mine be done," he cried; Who'll follow Jesus there?
 The crown of thorns he gladly wore; Who'll follow Jesus there?

CHORUS.



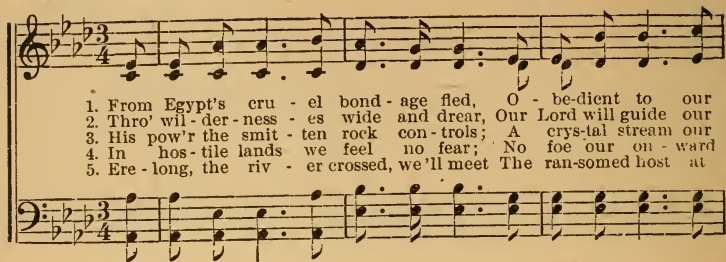
I'll fol-low Je - sus there, I'll fol-low Je - sus there,



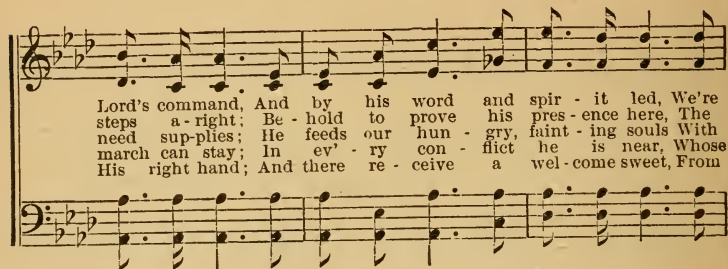
Where'er he leads, by words or deeds, I'll follow Je-sus there.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON.

W. S. NICKLE. By per.

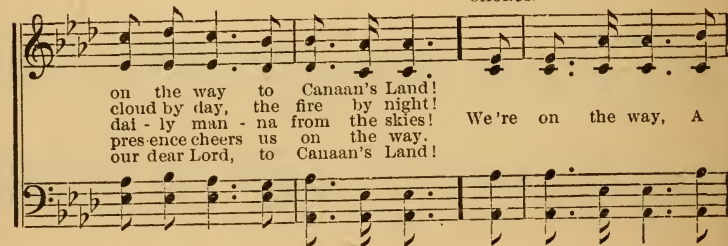


1. From Egypt's cru - el bond - age fled, O - be-dient to our
 2. Thro' wil - der - ness - es wide and drear, Our Lord will guide our
 3. His pow'r the smit - ten rock con - trols; A crys-tal stream our
 4. In hos - tile lands we feel no fear; No foe our on - ward
 5. Ere - long, the riv - er crossed, we'll meet The ran-somed host at

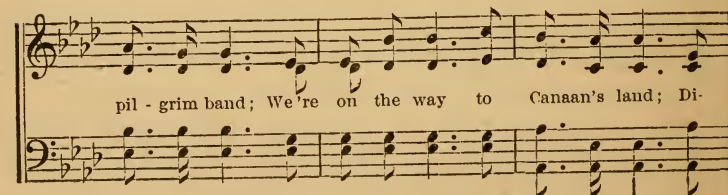


Lord's command, And by his word and spir - it led, We're
 steps a - right; Be - hold to prove his pres - ence here, The
 need sup - plies; He feeds our hun - gry, faint - ing souls With
 march can stay; In ev' - ry con - flict he is near, Whose
 His right hand; And there re - ceive a wel - come sweet, From

CHORUS.

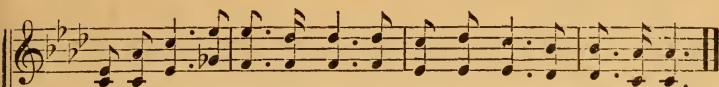


on the way to Canaan's Land!
 cloud by day, the fire by night!
 dai - ly man - na from the skies! We're on the way, A
 pres - ence cheers us on the way.
 our dear Lord, to Canaan's Land!

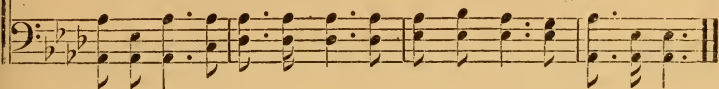


pil - grim band; We're on the way to Canaan's land; Di-

We're on the Way to Canaan's Land.—Concluded.



vine-ly guid-ed day by day, We're on the way, we're on the way.

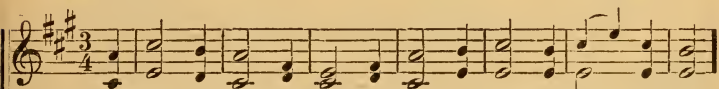


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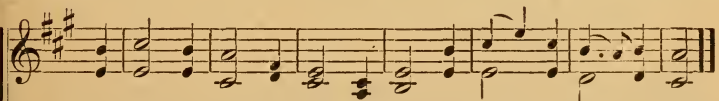
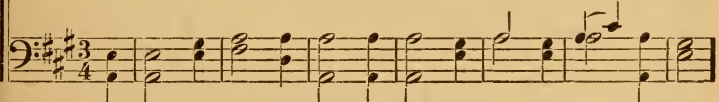
O for a Heart to!

CHARLES WESLEY.

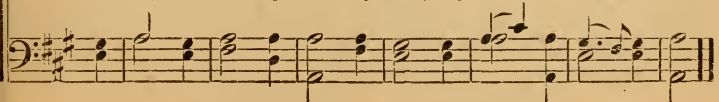
R. SIMPSON.



1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!
2. A heart resigned, sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Redeem-er's throne;
3. O for a low-ly, con-trite heart, Be-liev-ing, true, and clean,
4. A heart in ev-ery thought renewed, And full o' love di-vine;
5. Thy nat-ure, gracious Lord, im-part; Come quickly from a-bove;



A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me!
Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone.
Which neither life nor death can part From him that dwells within!
Per-fect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop-y, Lord, of thine
Write thy new name up-on my heart, Thy new, best name of Love.



REV. J. H. WEBER.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

1. The Saviour shed His crimson blood, And died upon the tree; To
 2. He waits and knocks at thy heart's door, O, let him now come in; That
 3. O, let Him come thy soul to save, His blood will set you free; Be-

save a sin-ner black in sin; I know He died for me.
 precious blood was shed for you; 'Twill cleanse thee from thy sin.
 lieve His word and take His grace, And glo-ry you shall see!

CHORUS

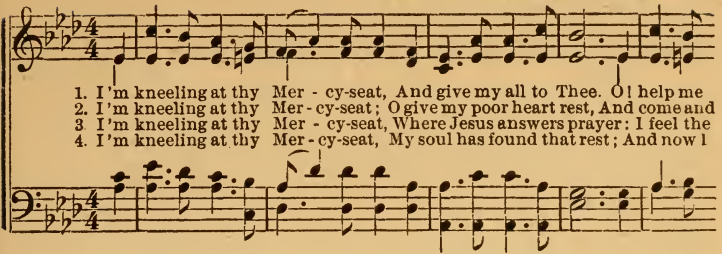
Pre - - - cious blood, . . . it wash-es white as snow,

Precious blood, precious blood, wash-es white as snow.
 precious blood, precious blood

Pre - - - cious blood, . . . it wash-es white as snow.

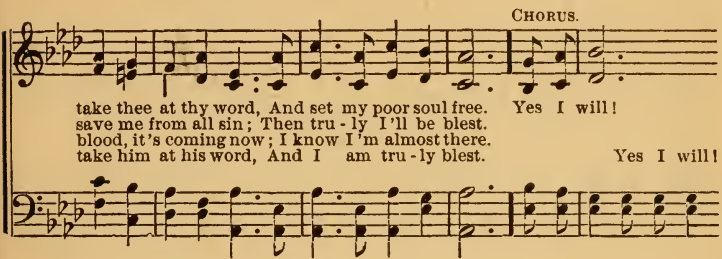
Precious blood, precious blood, wash-es white as snow.
 precious blood, precious blood

Music and Words by Rev. J. H. WEBER.

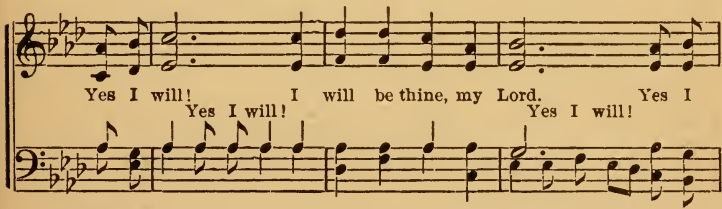


1. I'm kneeling at thy Mer - cy-seat, And give my all to Thee. O! help me
2. I'm kneeling at thy Mer - cy-seat; O give my poor heart rest, And come and
3. I'm kneeling at thy Mer - cy-seat, Where Jesus answers prayer: I feel the
4. I'm kneeling at thy Mer - cy-seat, My soul has found that rest; And now I

CHORUS.

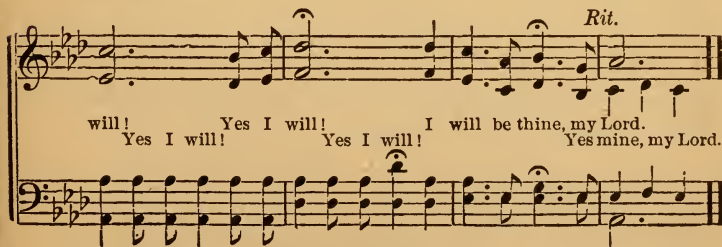


take thee at thy word, And set my poor soul free. Yes I will!
save me from all sin; Then tru - ly I'll be blest.
blood, it's coming now; I know I'm almost there.
take him at his word, And I am tru - ly blest. Yes I will!



Yes I will! I will be thine, my Lord. Yes I
Yes I will! Yes I will!

Rit.



will! Yes I will! Yes I will! I will be thine, my Lord.
Yes I will! Yes I will! Yes mine, my Lord.

I'm Believing and Receiving.

H. H. BOOTH.

Rev. J. H. WEBER.

Good as Duet and Cho.

1. Sins of years are washed away, Blackest stains become as snow; Darkest
2. Doubts and fears are borne along On the current's ceaseless flow; Sorrow

CHORUS.

night is changed to day, When I to the fountain go. I'm be- liev - - - ing
changes in - to song, When I to the fountain go. I'm believing, I'm believing,

and re - ceiv - - - ing, While I to the fountain
And receiving, and re - ceiv - ing, While I to the fountain go, While I

go; And my heart . . its waves are cleansing, Whiter
to the fountain go, And my heart, my heart its waves are cleansing, Whiter

Rit.

than . . the driven snow.
than the snow, the driven snow.

3 Ease and wealth become as dross,
Worthless earth's delight and show;
All my boast is in the Cross,
When I to the fountain go.—Cho.

4 Selfishness is lost in love,
Love for him whose love you know;
All my treasure is above,
When I to the fountain go.—Cho.

5 Fighting is a great delight,
Never will I fear the foe;
Armed by King Jehovah's might,
When I to the fountain go.—Cho.

I will Praise Him.

MISS MINNIE A. THOMPSON.

L. E. HARVEY.

1. With blest as-sur-ance I can say, Thou, God, my Father, art;
 2. Un-to my famished soul he spoke Sweet words of ho-ly cheer;
 3. No crown nor throne could tempt my soul To leave my Saviour's side;
 4. Oh, how my heart with gladness sings, For, stored in heav'n above,

In me his spirit reigns supreme, His love fills all my heart.
 "Come un-to me, I'll give thee rest, Thou'lt find me ev-er near."
 'Twas here I found that Shiloh's sweet, 'Tis here I will a-bide.
 Is all the sunshine of my life, And Christ the One I love.

CHORUS.

I will praise him, I will praise him, For the blood once shed for me;

I will praise him, I will praise him, For the cross and Calvary.

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(117)

I. WATTS.

R. E. HUDSON, by per.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be - yond de - gree!
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

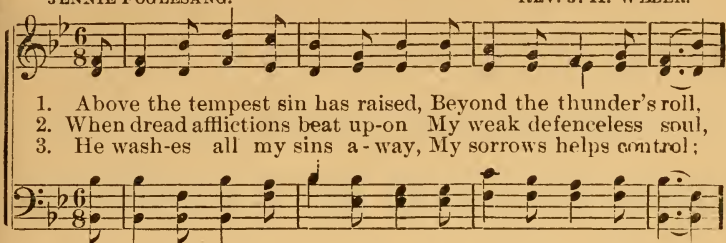
bur-den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith
 rolled a-way,

I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

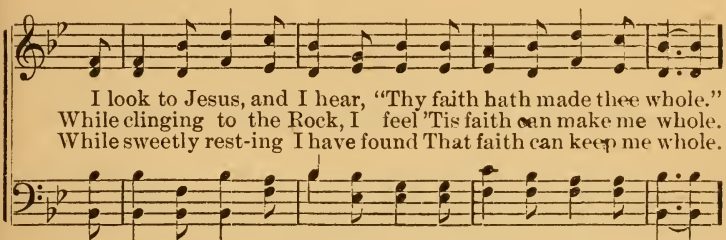
130 Thy Faith hath Made Thee Whole.

JENNIE FOGLESANG.

REV. J. H. WEBER.




1. Above the tempest sin has raised, Beyond the thunder's roll,
 2. When dread afflictions beat up-on My weak defenceless soul,
 3. He wash-es all my sins a-way, My sorrows helps control;

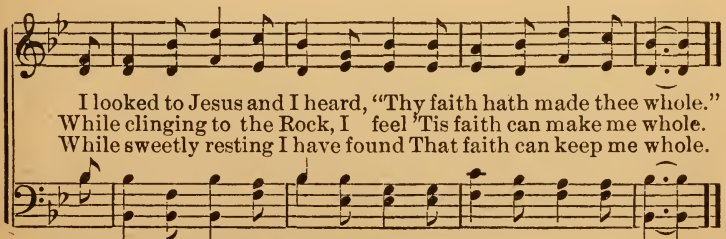


I look to Jesus, and I hear, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."
 While clinging to the Rock, I feel 'Tis faith can make me whole.
 While sweetly rest-ing I have found That faith can keep me whole.

CHORUS.



"Thy faith hath made thee whole, Thy faith hath made thee whole,"
 'Tis faith can make me whole, 'Tis faith can make me whole,
 That faith can keep me whole, That faith can keep me whole,



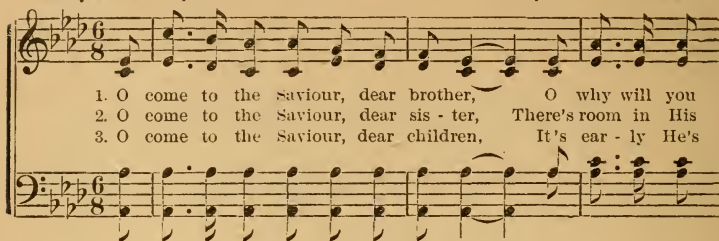
I looked to Jesus and I heard, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."
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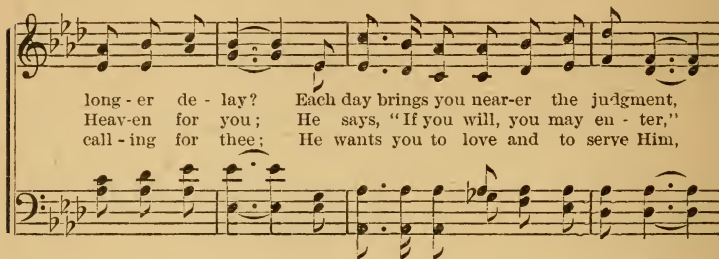
He's Tenderly Calling You, "Come."

Melody and words by Mrs. D. V. PENGRA.

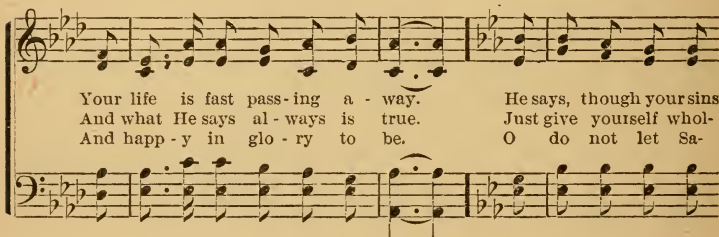
Arr. by Rev. J. H. WEBER



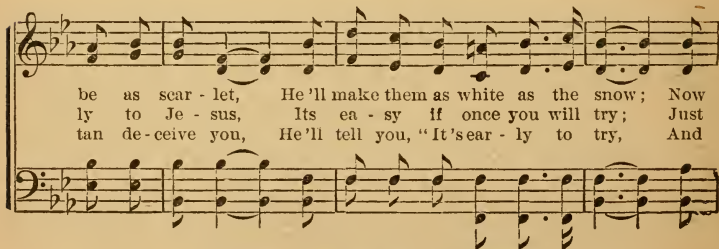
1. O come to the Saviour, dear brother, O why will you
 2. O come to the Saviour, dear sis - ter, There's room in His
 3. O come to the Saviour, dear children, It's ear - ly He's



long - er de - lay? Each day brings you near - er the judgment,
 Heav - en for you; He says, "If you will, you may en - ter,"
 call - ing for thee; He wants you to love and to serve Him,



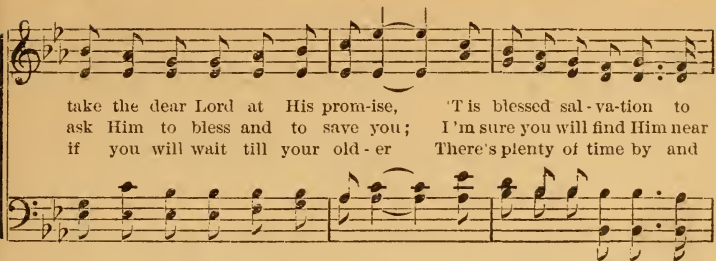
Your life is fast pass - ing a - way. He says, though yoursins
 And what He says al - ways is true. Just give yourself whol -
 And happ - y in glo - ry to be. O do not let Sa -



be as scar - let, He'll make them as white as the snow; Now
 ly to Je - sus, Its ea - sy if once you will try; Just
 tan de - ceive you, He'll tell you, "It's ear - ly to try, And

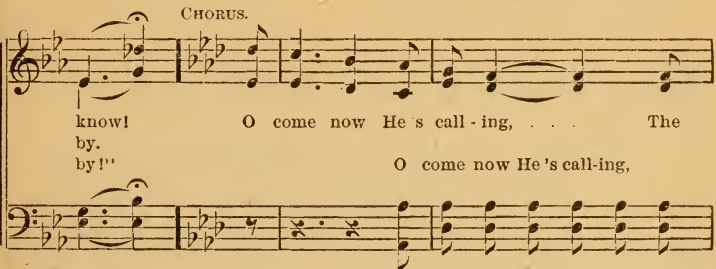
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He's Tenderly Calling You, "Come."—Concluded.

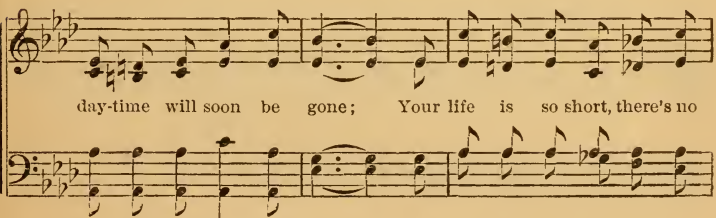


take the dear Lord at His prom-ise, 'T is blessed sal-va-tion to
ask Him to bless and to save you; I'm sure you will find Him near
if you will wait till your old-er There's plenty of time by and

CHORUS.

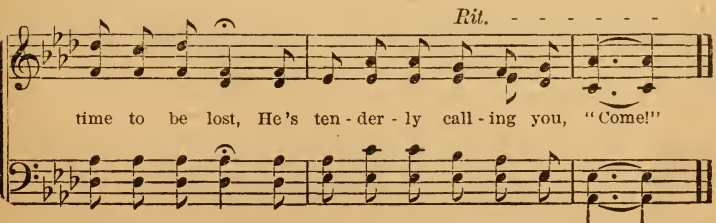


know! O come now He's call-ing, . . . The
by. O come now He's call-ing,
by!"



day-time will soon be gone; Your life is so short, there's no

Rit.



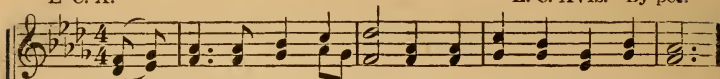
time to be lost, He's ten-der-ly call-ing you, "Come!"

The Sweet, Sweet Story.

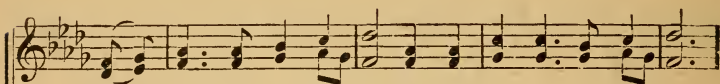
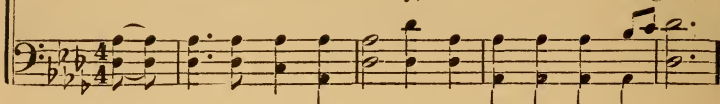
"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—MARK 5 : 19.

E. C. A.

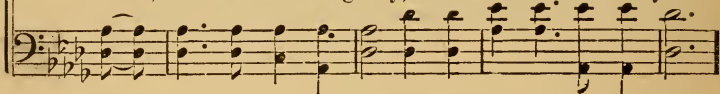
E. C. AVIS. By pec.



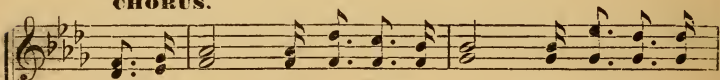
1. I have heard a sweet, sweet story, From God's most holy word ;
2. When first I heard the sto-ry, I said how can it be,
3. I read with joy the sto-ry, It touched my heart within ;
4. I then believed the sto-ry, And counted it as gold,



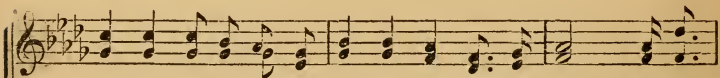
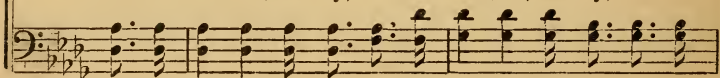
'Tis the sto - ry of sal - va-tion, By all it must be heard.
That Christ, so pure and ho-ly, Should die for one like me?
It spake of Christ for-giv-ing, And offered peace by him.
When, like a wave of glo-ry, God's love came o'er my soul.



CHORUS.



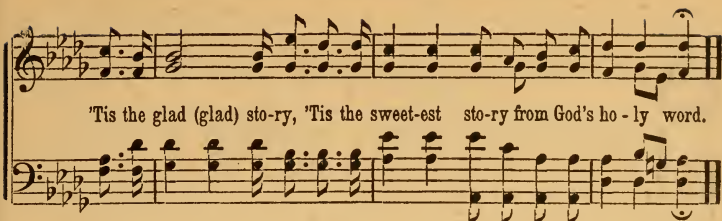
'Tis the old (old) sto - ry, 'tis the new (new) sto - ry, 'Tis the



sweetest sto-ry that was ever heard ; 'Tis the sad (sad) sto-ry,



The Sweet, Sweet Story. Concluded.



'Tis the glad (glad) sto-ry, 'Tis the sweet-est sto-ry from God's ho-ly word.

5 And now I sing the story
Of Christ, for sinners slain;
And all who will may gladly
Salvation fully claim.

6 And when I reach the glory,
With all the blood-washed throng,
I'll hush the old, old story,
And sing the new, new song.

WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?

Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else.—ISAIAH xlv, 22.

Do you mean that I can come, as great a sinner as I am?

Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.—JOHN vi, 37.

But I have been one of the chiefest of sinners.

The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.—1 JOHN i, 7.

Do you think I can be saved in any other way?

There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.—ACTS iv, 12.

If I join the Church and support it with my means, is not that sufficient?

Men shall be lovers of their own selves, unholy, having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away.—2 TIM. iii.

Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God.—JOHN iii, 3.

Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away: behold, all things are become new.—2 COR. v, 17.

My friend, let me entreat you to make sure work for heaven, and do not postpone it, for you have no promise of to-morrow.

Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.—2 COR. vi, 2.

YOU MAY BE SAVED.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief.—TIM. xv.

For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.—JOHN iii, 17.

He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him.—HEB. vii, 25.

The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.—1 JOHN i, 7.

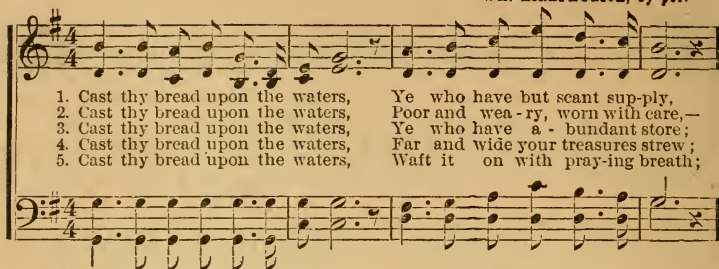
BELIEVE AND LIVE.

He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.—JOHN iii, 36.

Repent ye therefore and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out.—ACTS iii, 10.

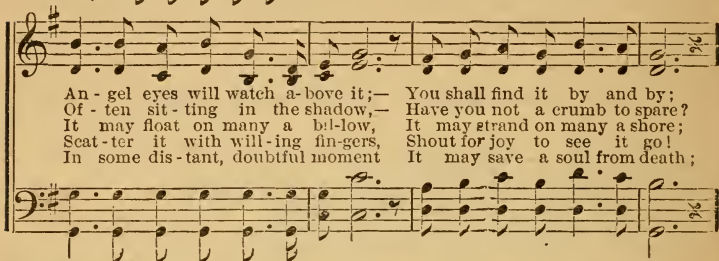
Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.

WM. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

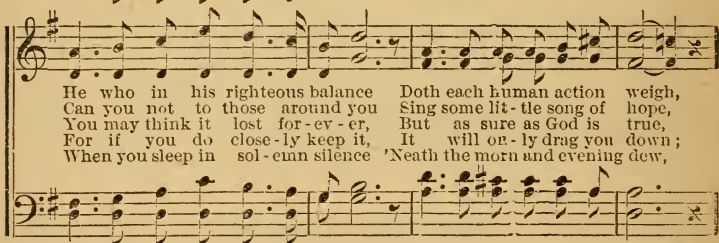


1. Cast thy bread upon the waters,
 2. Cast thy bread upon the waters,
 3. Cast thy bread upon the waters,
 4. Cast thy bread upon the waters,
 5. Cast thy bread upon the waters,

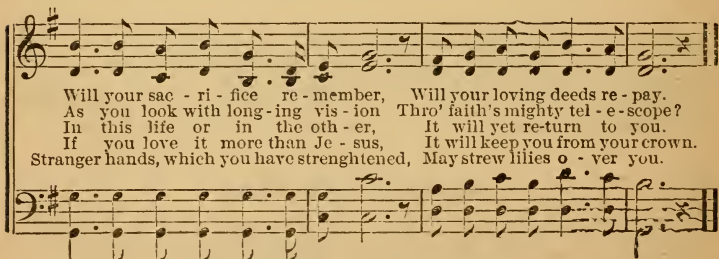
Ye who have but scant sup-ply,
 Poor and wea-ry, worn with care,—
 Ye who have a - bundant store;
 Far and wide your treasures strew;
 Waft it on with pray-ing breath;



An - gel eyes will watch a - bove it;— You shall find it by and by;
 Of - ten sit - ting in the shadow,— Have you not a crumb to spare?
 It may float on many a bil - low, It may strand on many a shore;
 Scat - ter it with will - ing fin - gers, Shout for joy to see it go!
 In some dis - tant, doubtful moment It may save a soul from death;



He who in his righteous balance Doth each human action weigh,
 Can you not to those around you Sing some lit - tle song of hope,
 You may think it lost for - ev - er, But as sure as God is true,
 For if you do close - ly keep it, It will on - ly drag you down;
 When you sleep in sol - e - mn silence 'Neath the morn and evening dew,



Will your sac - ri - fice re - member, Will your loving deeds re - pay.
 As you look with long - ing vis - ion Thro' faith's mighty tel - e - scope?
 In this life or in the oth - er, It will yet re - turn to you.
 If you love it more than Je - sus, It will keep you from your crown.
 Stranger hands, which you have strengthened, May strew lilies o - ver you.

JOHN J. HOOD, owner of copyright.

MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.

MRS. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. Oh, when shall I sweep thro' the gates, The scenes of mortality o'er?
 2. When from Calvary's mount I arise, And pass thro' the portals above,
 3. Yes, loved ones who knew me below, Who learned the new song with me here,
 4. The beautiful gates will unfold, The home of the blood-washed I'll see,

What then for my spirit awaits? Will they sing on the beautiful shore,—
 Will shout, "Welcome home to the skies," Resound thro' the regions of love?
 In chorus will hail me, I know, And welcome me home with good cheer.
 The cit - y of saints I'll behold, For, O, there's a welcome for me!

REFRAIN.

Welcome home, Welcome home, A welcome in glo-ry for
 Welcome home, Welcome home,

me; Welcome home, Welcome home, A welcome for me.
 Welcome home, Welcome home, Welcome home.

It Reaches Me.

Words by MARY D. JAMES.

Music by JNO. B. SWENEY. By per.

1. O, this ut - ter - most sal - va - tion! 'Tis a fountain full and free,
 2 How a - maz - ing God's compassion, That so vile a worm should prove
 3. Je - sus, Saviour, I a - dore thee! Now thy love I will proclaim;

Pure, exhaustless, ev - er flowing; Wondrous grace! it reach - es me!
 This stu - pend - ous bliss of heav - en, This unmeasured wealth of love!
 I will tell the bless - ed sto - ry, I will mag - ni - fy thy name!

CHORUS.

It reach - es me! it reach - es me! Wondrous grace! it reach - es me!

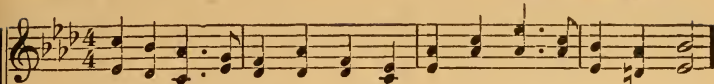
Pure exhaustless, ev - er flowing, Wondrous grace! it reach - es me!

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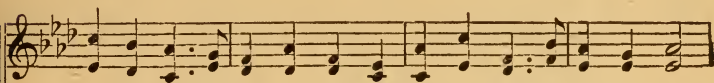
'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Words by Mrs. LOUISA M. E. STEAD.

Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



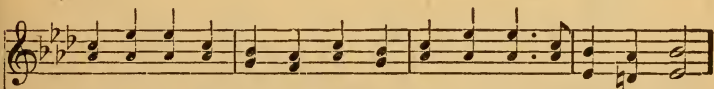
1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at his word;
2. O, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust thee, Precious Je sus, Saviour, Friend:



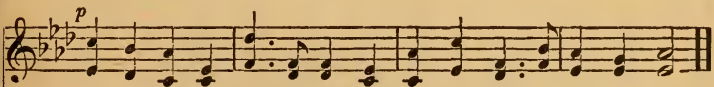
Just to rest up-on his promise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me Neath the healing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy and peace!
And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.



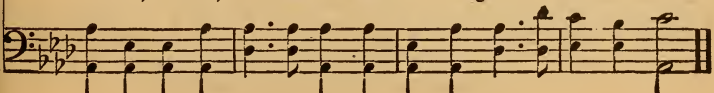
REFRAIN.



Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust him; How I've prov'd him o'er and o'er!



Je - sus, Je - sus, Precious Je - sus! O for grace to trust him more!



"Overcomers."

QUESTION.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1 Jo. 5: 5, 4. 1. Who, who is he? Who, who is he? Who, who is he that
 Rev. 3: 5. 2. What shall he wear? What shall he wear? What shall he wear that
 Rev. 2: 7. 3. What shall he eat? What shall he eat? What shall he eat that
 Rev. 3: 12. 4. What shall he be? What shall he be? What shall he be that

RESPONSE.

o - ver - com - eth by the blood of the Lamb? He that be-
 o - ver - com - eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be
 o - ver - com - eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall
 o - ver - com - eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be a

lieveth and is born of God, He that be - liev - eth and is
 clothed in rai-ment white, He shall be clothed in
 eat of the tree of life, He shall eat of the
 pil - lar in the temple of God, He shall be a pil - lar in the

born of God, He that be - liev - eth and is
 rai - ment white, He shall be clothed in
 tree of life, He shall eat of the
 temple of God, He shall be a pil - lar in the

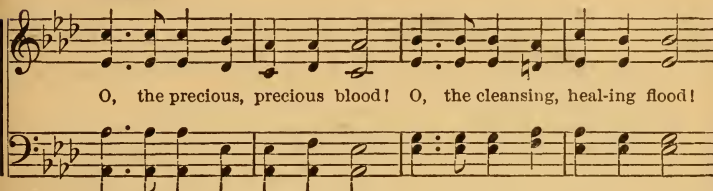
Copyright, 1885, by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

"Overcomers."—Concluded.

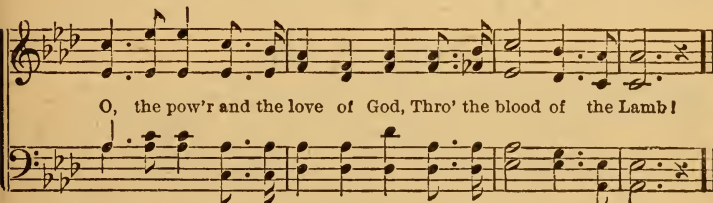


born of God, Shall o - ver - come by the blood.
rai - ment white, That o - ver - comes by the blood.
tree of life, That o - ver - comes by the blood.
temple of God, That o - ver - comes by the blood.

CHORUS.



O, the precious, precious blood! O, the cleansing, heal-ing flood!



O, the pow'r and the love of God, Thro' the blood of the Lamb!

5

Rev. 3: 5. ||: What shall he hear, :|| that overcometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
||: He shall hear his name con- | fessed in heaven, :||
That overcomes by the blood.

6

Rev. 3: 21. ||: Where shall he sit, :|| that overcometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
||: He shall sit with | Jesus, on His throne, :||
That overcomes by the blood.

7

1 John, 5: 4. ||: What is the victory, :|| that overcometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
||: Faith is the victory that | overcometh :||
By the blood of the Lamb.

Seeds of Promise.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

FRED. A. FILLMORE. By per.

1. O, scat-ter seeds of lov-ing deeds, A-long the fer-tile field,
 2. Tho' sown in tears thro' wea-ry years, The seed will sure-ly live;
 3. The harvest-home of God will come, And af-ter toil and care,

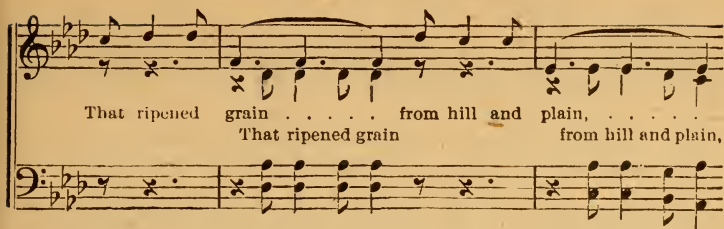
For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruitful harvest yield.
 Tho' great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruitage give.
 With joy untold your sheaves of gold Will all be garnered there.

CHORUS.

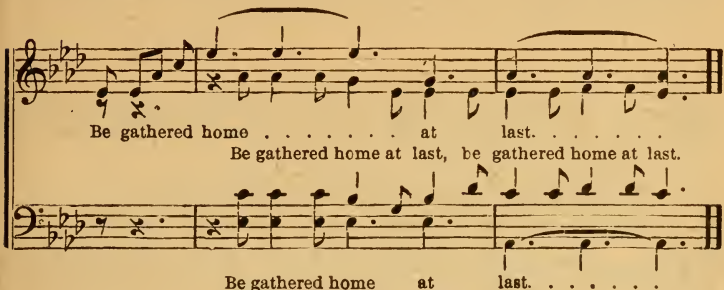
Then day by day a-long your way,
 Then day by day a-long your way.

The seeds of prom - - - - - ise cast,
 The seeds of promise cast, the seeds of promise cast,

Seeds of Promise.—Concluded.



That ripened grain from hill and plain,
That ripened grain from hill and plain,



Be gathered home at last.
Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.
Be gathered home at last.

MAKING MERIT.

MRS. L. C. BRAINBRIDGE, with her husband, made a tour of the world to study Christian missions. She says: "The Chinese women are so anxious to make merit for themselves that they will perform any labor to escape painful transmigrations of the great life. They dread to be born again as dogs or cats, and the highest hope possessed by them is to be reborn as men. In order to secure this they do any and every meritorious act. One woman had, with incredible labor, dug a well twenty-five feet deep and ten feet across. With her weak hands she had excavated every foot of it, and it was only after this achievement that she learned of the free gospel of salvation. When I met her she was an old woman of eighty, and stretching out her aged and crippled fingers to me she sang:

"Nothing in my hands I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling."

DO N'T FIND FAULT.

You may find hundreds of fault-finders among professed Christians; but all their criticism will not lead one solitary soul to Christ. I never preached a sermon yet that I could not pick to pieces and find fault with. I feel that Jesus Christ ought to have a far better representative than I am. But I lived long enough to discover that there is nothing perfect in this world. If you are to wait until you can find a perfect preacher, or perfect meetings, I am afraid you will have to wait till the millennium arrives. What we want is to be looking right up to Him. Let us get done with fault-finding. When I hear people talk in the way I have described, I say to them, "Come and do better yourself. Step up here and try what you can do." My friends, it is so easy to find fault; it takes neither brains nor heart.—Moody.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

1. Blessed sunshine of the Lord, How happy the soul in its light; What
 2. Blessed sunshine of the Lord, It comes when the soul is at rest: For
 3. Blessed sunshine of the Lord, Do you know its light is for you? Then

joy it brings, what peace it gives, This blest sunshine of the Lord!
 this we seek, for this we pray, This blest sunshine of the Lord!
 give up all and make your choice For this sunshine of the Lord!

CHORUS.

Sun - shine, sun-shine, give me the sunshine of the Lord;
 Lord, of the Lord,
 Sunshine, sunshine, sunshine, sunshine,

Sun - shine, sun - shine, Give me the sunshine of the Lord.

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Hosanna! Hosanna!

REV. J. H. WEBER.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

1. I've found a glad ho - san - na, It's glo - ry in my soul;
 2. I've found a glad ho - san - na, A balm for ev - 'ry woe;
 3. I've found a glad ho - san - na, That gives my poor heart rest;

I can not keep from sing - ing, For Je - sus makes me whole.
 The blood of Christ it wash - es, And makes me white as snow!
 For Je - sus dwells with - in me, And I am tru - ly blest!

CHORUS.

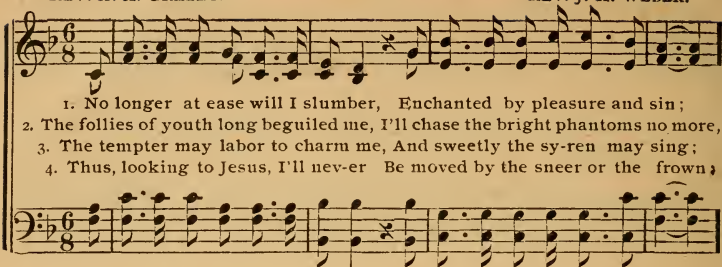
Ho - san - na! ho - san - na! prais - es to our King!

Ho - san - na! ho - san - na, To Je - sus will I sing.

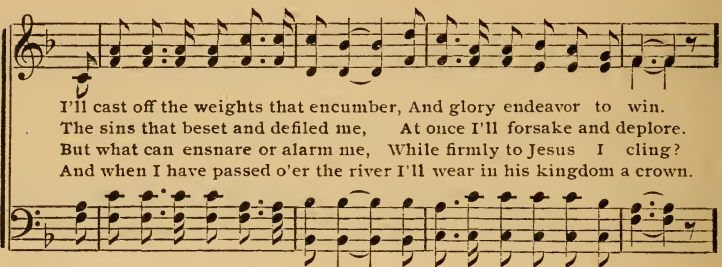
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REV. A. A. GRALEY.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

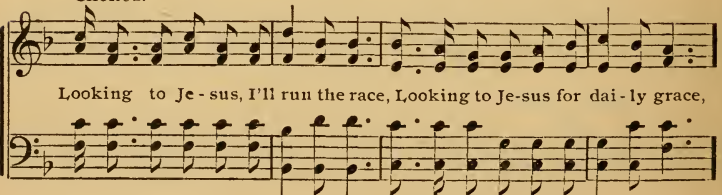


1. No longer at ease will I slumber, Enchanted by pleasure and sin;
2. The follies of youth long beguiled me, I'll chase the bright phantoms no more,
3. The tempter may labor to charm me, And sweetly the sy-ren may sing;
4. Thus, looking to Jesus, I'll nev-er Be moved by the sneer or the frown;

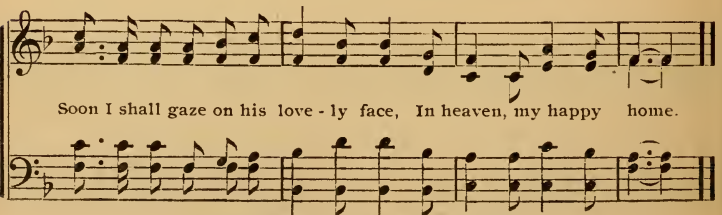


I'll cast off the weights that encumber, And glory endeavor to win.
 The sins that beset and defiled me, At once I'll forsake and deplore.
 But what can ensnare or alarm me, While firmly to Jesus I cling?
 And when I have passed o'er the river I'll wear in his kingdom a crown.

CHORUS.



Looking to Je-sus, I'll run the race, Looking to Je-sus for dai-ly grace,



Soon I shall gaze on his love-ly face, In heaven, my happy home.

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Are You Walking in the Light?

REV. J. H. WEBER.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

1. Are you walking in the light of the Saviour? Does the way seem bright and
 2. Are you walking in the light of the Saviour? Does his blood cleanse you from
 3. Are you walking in the light of the Saviour? Are you glad you have this

fair? Are you try - ing ev - 'ry day for to please him? Do you hope to
 sin? Are you liv - ing ev - 'ry day for his glo - ry? Is you life pure
 light? Will you trust and obey and al - ways love him? If he'll keep thy

CHORUS.

meet him over there? Are you walking in the light?
 and spotless within? Are your garments clean and white?
 soul so pure and white?

Are you trusting him in ev - 'ry care? Are you walking in the light?

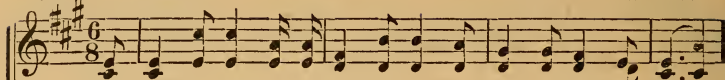
Are your garments clean and white? Are you walking, walking in the light?

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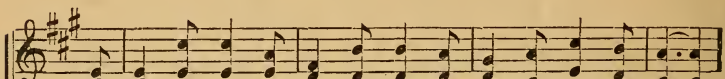
We'll Meet Them By and By.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

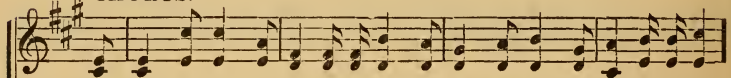


1. Our friends have passed to the other side, And sing that glad, new song;
 2. Our friends have passed to the other side, What rapt'rous sights they see;
 3. Our friends have passed to the other side, We'll meet them over there;

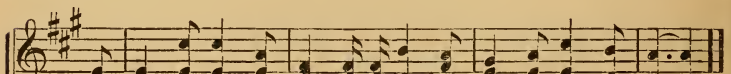


They praise in light and walk in white, How happy they must be!
 With crowns of gold and joy untold, How happy they must be!
 Around his throne we'll meet our own, How happy we will be!

CHORUS.



We'll meet them by and by over there, We'll meet them by and by over there,

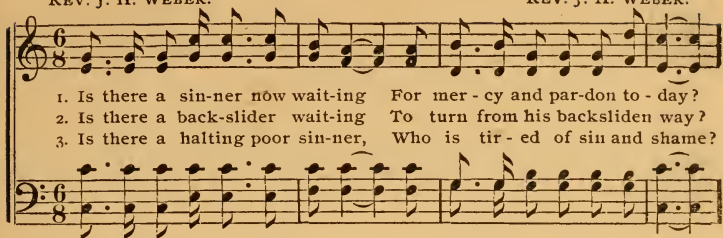


We'll meet them by and by over there, And nev-er say, "Good-by."

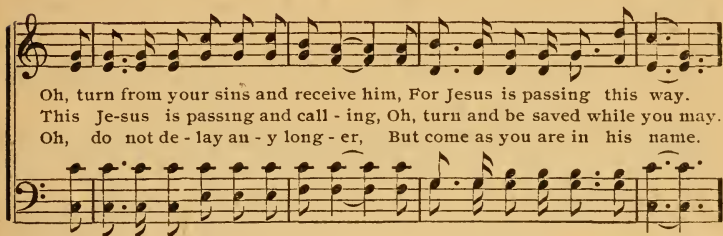
Jesus is Passing this Way.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

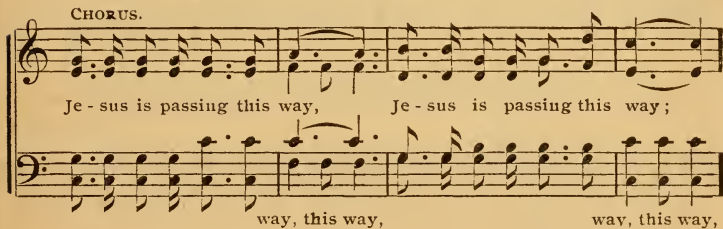


1. Is there a sin-ner now wait-ing For mer-cy and par-don to-day?
 2. Is there a back-slider wait-ing To turn from his backsliden way?
 3. Is there a halting poor sin-ner, Who is tir-ed of sin and shame?

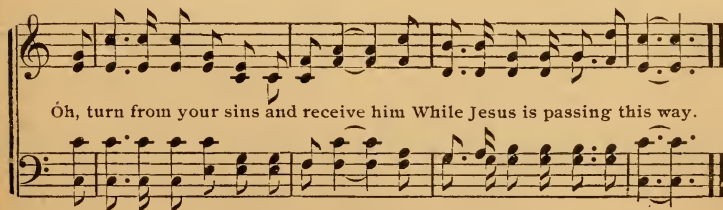


Oh, turn from your sins and receive him, For Jesus is passing this way.
 This Je-sus is passing and call-ing, Oh, turn and be saved while you may.
 Oh, do not de-lay an-y long-er, But come as you are in his name.

CHORUS.



Je-sus is passing this way, Je-sus is passing this way;
 way, this way, way, this way,



Oh, turn from your sins and receive him While Jesus is passing this way.

Copyrighted, 1891, by Rev. J. H. Weber.

H. E. BLAIR

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the hap-py golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
 2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain: But in
 3. Where the hearts of angels ring, And the blest for-ev-er sing, In the

storms of life are o'er, Meet me there, Where the night dissolves away In-to
 heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there, By the riv-er sparkling bright, In the
 pal-ace of the King, Meet me there, Where in sweet communion blend heart with

D. S. storms of life are o'er, On the

Fine.

pure and perfect day, I am go-ing home to stay, Meet me there.
 ci - ty of delight, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
 heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

happy golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS.

3

Meet me there. Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the
 Meet me there,

Copyrighted, 1885, by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

(138)

Meet Me There. Concluded.

D. S.

Tree of life is bloom-ing, Meet me there. When the
Meet me there.

146

America. 6s & 4s.

REV. S. F. SMITH.

Adapted by HENRY CAREY, obit. 1743.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try! thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let min - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

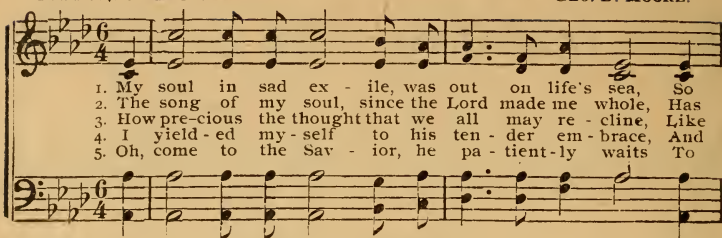
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song! Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

pilgrim's pride; From ev - 'ry mount - ain side Let free - dom ring.
templed hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

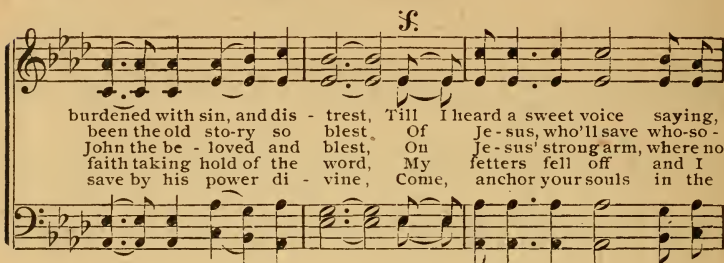
The Haven of Rest.

DR. H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.

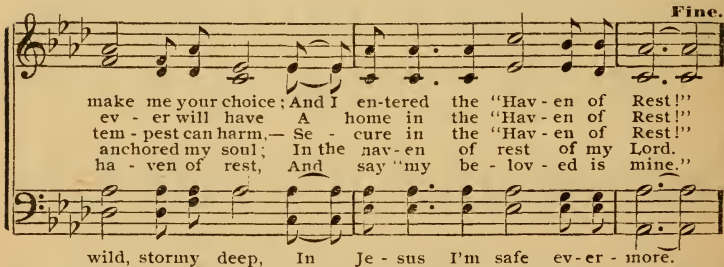


1. My soul in sad ex - ile, was out on life's sea, So
 2. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
 3. How pre-cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
 4. I yield - ed my - self to his ten - der em - brace, And
 5. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, he pa - tient - ly waits To



burdened with sin, and dis - tress, Till I heard a sweet voice saying,
 been the old sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so -
 John the be - loved and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
 faith taking hold of the word, My fetters fell off and I
 save by his power di - vine, Come, anchor your souls in the

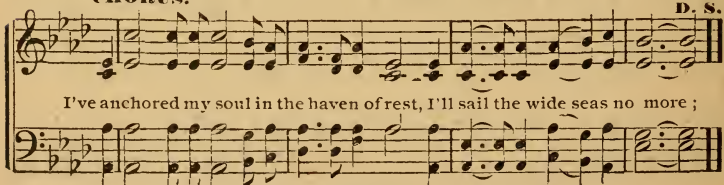
D. S. The tempest may sweep o'er the



make me your choice; And I en - tered the "Hav - en of Rest!"
 ev - er will have A home in the "Hav - en of Rest!"
 tem - pest can harm, — Se - cure in the "Hav - en of Rest!"
 anchored my soul; In the nav - en of rest of my Lord.
 ha - ven of rest, And say "my be - lov - ed is mine."

wild, stormy deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

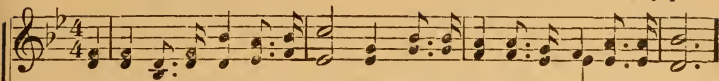


I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

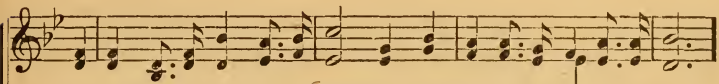
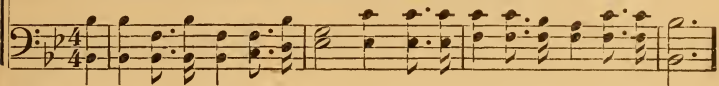
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REV. JOHN O. FOSTER, A. M.

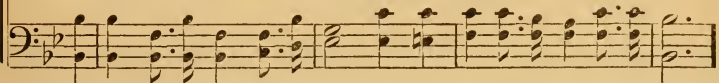
CHAS. H. GABRIEL. By per.



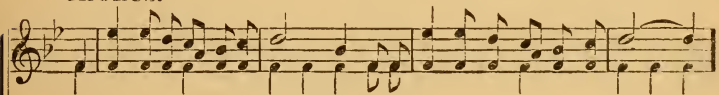
1. I read by the dawn of the morning That the day of the Lord is at hand ;
2. The brightness of glory is shining With a steady and powerful ray,
3. The light of the world is unfolding Where the rapturous visions arise ;



The light of his glo-ri-ous presence Is flooding the beautiful land.
And where the dark shadows were thickest, The sunshine illumines the day.
The forelights of splendor are pouring From mansions of gold in the skies.

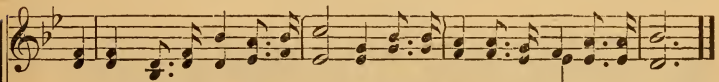
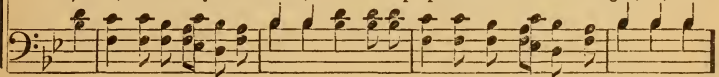


CHORUS.

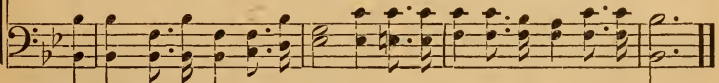


sal-va - tion, tongue,

Oh, come, blessed day of salvation, come To all people and kindred and tongue, oh, come,



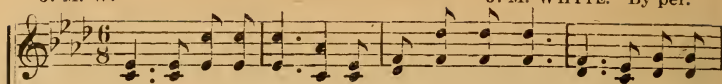
And then shall the sweetest of praises To our Jesus for-ev-er be sung.



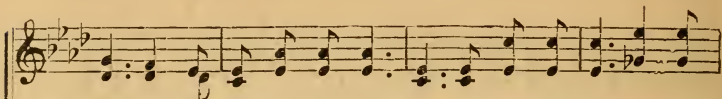
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J. M. W.

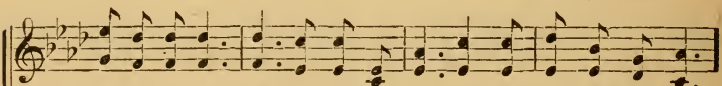
J. M. Whyte. By per.



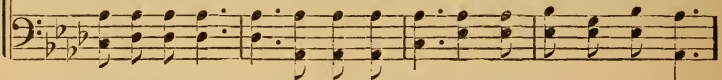
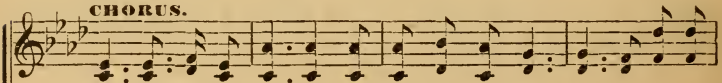
1. Tho' down in the paths of dishonor and shame, And bringing dis-
2. Tho' dwelling at ease in a palace of state, Tho' feasted and
3. When stretched on a couch of bewildering pain, He longed for the
4. Tho' whitened his locks with the frost of the years, He'll never for-
5. Some day he will stand by a grass-covered mound, Where true-hearted



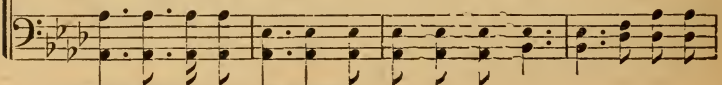
grace on his mother's fair name, The moments will come in the
 sung in the halls of the great, A voice of the past calls a-
 days of his childhood a-gain, And mother to come from the
 get the soft plash of her tears That fell on her face as she
 moth-er lies un-der the ground, And gaze past the sun-set of



midst of his glee, When he will remember the prayer at her knee.
 way from the throng, His mother's sweet voice in a lullaby song.
 heavenly land, To soothe him to rest with the touch of her hand.
 rocked him to sleep,—Oh, hearts that are broken, oh, mothers that weep!
 jas-per and gold, To catch but a glimpse of her face as of old.

**CHORUS.**

Oh, hearts that are broken! oh, mothers that weep! What billows of



Will He Not Come Back? Concluded.

Two systems of musical notation. Each system consists of a treble and a bass staff. The first system has the lyrics 'sor-row must o-ver them sweep! Oh, wander-ing boy, far a-' written below the treble staff. The second system has the lyrics 'way from thy God, Come back to the path that thy mother hath trod.' written below the treble staff. The music is in a minor key, indicated by three flats in the key signature.

150 Our Father in Heaven.

ANON.

A single system of musical notation with a treble and a bass staff. The music is in a major key, indicated by one sharp in the key signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like.

- 1 Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name; || thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
- 2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread; || And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that | trespass a- | gainst— | us.
- 3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; || For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A— | men.

151 Gloria Patri.

A single system of musical notation with a treble and a bass staff. The music is in a major key, indicated by two sharps in the key signature. The melody is more complex and rhythmic than the previous hymn.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost.
 || As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world | without | end, A— | men.

REV. JOHN SCOTT, D. D.

P. KEIL, JR. By per.

DUET OR FULL CHORUS.

1. I'm almost home! My pilgrim feet Have trod the des-ert's
 2. I'm almost home! These flowing tears Will soon be dried and
 3. I'm almost home! The toilsome strife, The conflict here will
 4. I'm almost home! I soon shall hear The songs of rap-ture

wea - ry road, But soon they'll walk the gold-en street, With-
 cease to start; No anx - ious cares, no doubts or fears Will
 soon be o'er, And I shall en - ter in - to life, And
 round the throne, And greet the friends my heart holds dear, Who

CHORUS.
 in the Par - a - dise of God. I'm almost home, . . .
 then oppress this throbbing heart.
 the tempter's power no more. I'm al-most home, I'm almost home,
 watch and wait for me to come.

I'm almost home, I soon shall reach my long-sought
 I'm almost home,

I'm Almost Home. Concluded.

rest, . . . I'm al-most home, Oh, glorious
rest, my long-sought rest, I'm almost home,

home! A home with Je - sus and the blest,
Je - sus and the blest.

153

Come to Jesus.

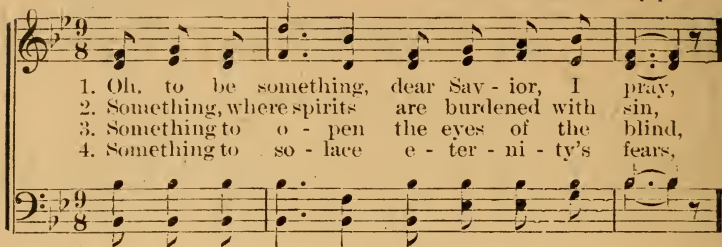
1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now;

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

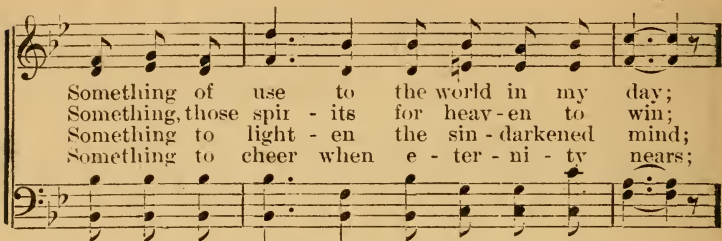
- | | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| 2. He will save you, etc. | 6. He'll receive you. | 10. He'll forgive you. |
| 3. Oh, believe him. | 7. Call upon him. | 11. He will cleanse you. |
| 4. He is able. | 8. He will hear you. | 12. Jesus loves you. |
| 5. He is willing. | 9. Look unto him. | 13. Only trust him. |

REV. GEO. W. CROFTS.

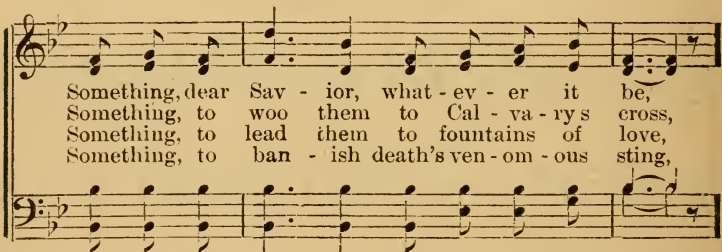
ARTHUR J. SMITH. By per.



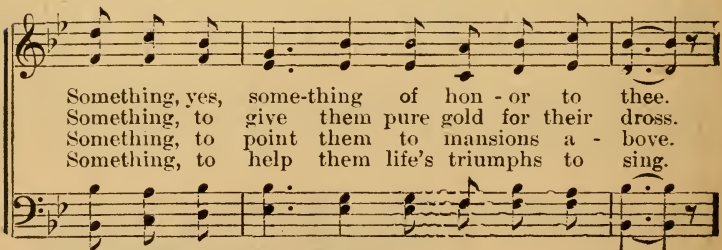
1. Oh, to be something, dear Sav - ior, I pray,
 2. Something, where spirits are burdened with sin,
 3. Something to o - pen the eyes of the blind,
 4. Something to so - lace e - ter - ni - ty's fears,



Something of use to the world in my day;
 Something, those spir - its for heav - en to win;
 Something to light - en the sin - darkened mind;
 Something to cheer when e - ter - ni - ty nears;



Something, dear Sav - ior, what - ev - er it be,
 Something, to woo them to Cal - va - ry's cross,
 Something, to lead them to fountains of love,
 Something, to ban - ish death's ven - om - ous sting,



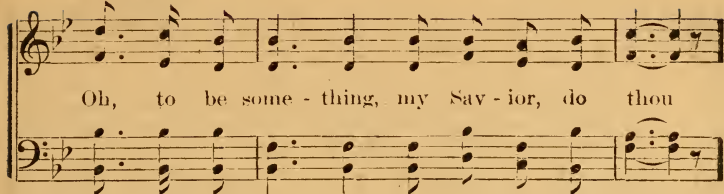
Something, yes, some-thing of hon - or to thee.
 Something, to give them pure gold for their dross.
 Something, to point them to mansions a - bove.
 Something, to help them life's triumphs to sing.

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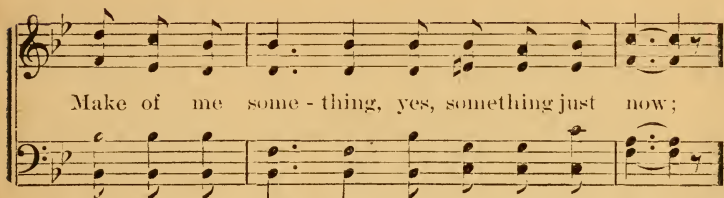
(146)

Oh! to be Something. Concluded.

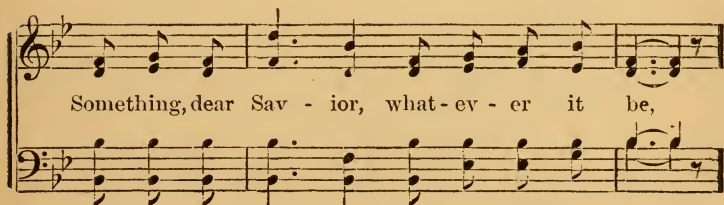
CHORUS.



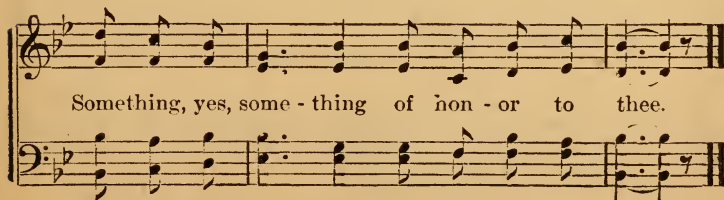
Oh, to be some - thing, my Sav - ior, do thou



Make of me some - thing, yes, something just now;



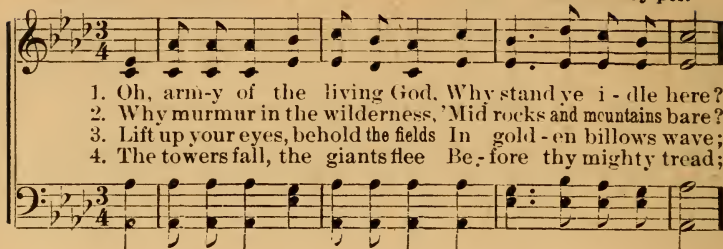
Something, dear Sav - ior, what - ev - er it be,



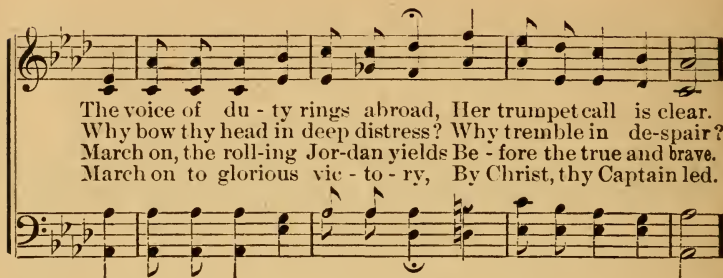
Something, yes, some - thing of non - or to thee.

REV. GEO. W. CROFTS.

ARTHUR J. SMITH. By per.

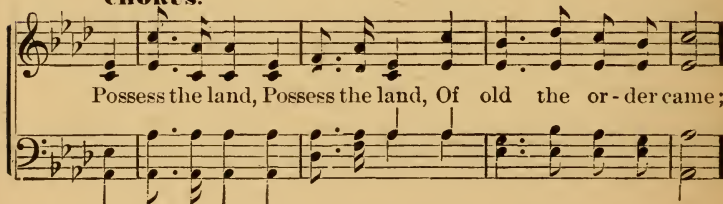


1. Oh, arm-y of the living God, Why stand ye i - dle here?
 2. Why murmur in the wilderness, 'Mid rocks and mountains bare?
 3. Lift up your eyes, behold the fields In gold - en billows wave;
 4. The towers fall, the giants flee Be - fore thy mighty tread;

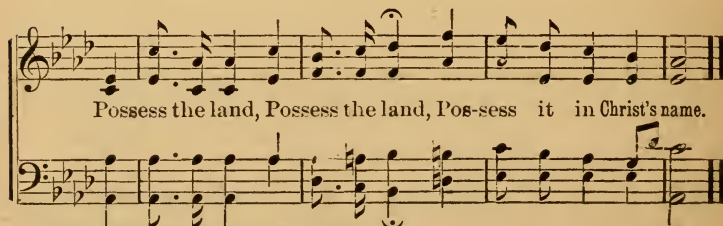


The voice of du - ty rings abroad, Her trumpet call is clear.
 Why bow thy head in deep distress? Why tremble in de-spair?
 March on, the roll-ing Jor-dan yields Be - fore the true and brave.
 March on to glorious vic - to - ry, By Christ, thy Captain led.

CHORUS.



Possess the land, Possess the land, Of old the or - der came;



Possess the land, Possess the land, Pos-sess it in Christ's name.

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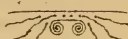
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CONFESSING SIN,
—AND—
Crying for a Pure Heart.

PSALM LI.

¶ To the chief musician, A psalm of David, when Nathan the prophet came unto him, after he had gone in to Bath-sheba.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done *this* evil in thy sight; that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts; and in the hidden *part* thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness; *that* the bones *which* thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me *with thy* free Spirit:

13 *Then* will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee

14 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation; and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

15 O LORD, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

16 For thou desirest not sacrifice: else would I give *it*; thou delightest not in burnt-offering.

17 The sacrifices of God *are* a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

18 Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

19 Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifice of righteousness, with burnt-offering, and whole burnt-offering: then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar